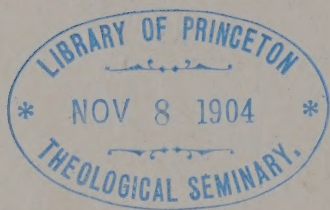


The Book and the Land



R. W. VAN SCHOICK



Division DS49

Section .V2



R. W. Van Schoick, D.D.

The Book and the Land

By

Rev. R. W. VAN SCHOICK, D.D.

Author of *Sunrise, Midday, Sunset*

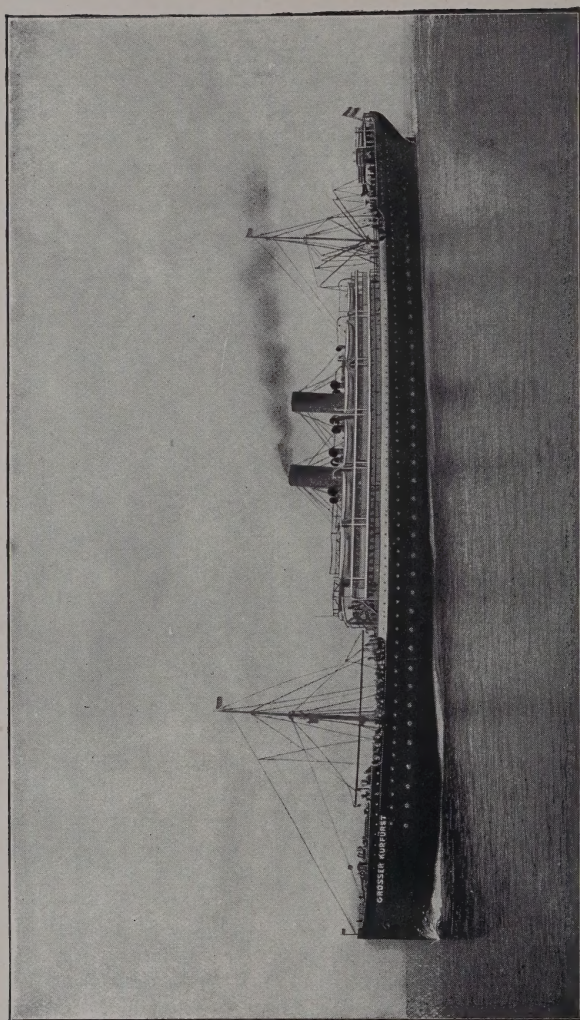


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Grosser Kurfürst.

DEDICATION

I dedicate *The Book and the Land* to that bravest of all Crusaders and Discoverers, Christopher Columbus, of whom Joaquin Miller wrote this immortal verse:

Behind him lay the gray Azores;
Behind, the gates of Hercules:
Before him not a ghost of shores:
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For, lo, the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why yes: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan, and weak—"
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt-wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone;
Now speak, brave Admiral; speak and say.
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah! that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn!
He gained a world; he gave that
World its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

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INTRODUCTION

Two events of my life, both unanticipated, I regard as specially providential. The first was a trip to Europe in 1886. The Rev. Dr. L. L. Sprague was president of Wyoming Seminary. I was presiding elder of the Wyoming District, Wyoming Conference. He was physically indisposed, and his physician ordered him to take an ocean voyage. Some of my friends of Kingston, my home, and adjacent towns on the district placed about \$300 in my hands and ordered me to go with him. We left New York Friday, July 13, on the steamer *Nevada*, and returned to New York August 13, after an absence of thirty days.

We disembarked at Queenstown on our outward trip and went through Ireland. We visited the Lakes of Killarney, Dublin, Bel-

fast, and the Giant's Causeway. Thence we went to Glasgow and Edinburgh, Scotland. In the former city we inspected Glasgow University; in the latter its equally famous university, Holyrood Palace, John Knox's church, Edinburgh Castle, Sir Walter Scott's monument, and other objects of interest. From Edinburgh we took the night line for London, where, after breakfast, we visited the British Conference, in session in City Road Chapel. Opposite is the famous cemetery of Bunhill Fields, where Susannah Wesley is buried, mother of John and Charles Wesley and seventeen other children. Many other notables lie here, whom I have not space to mention. Back of the City Road Chapel lie John Wesley, Adam Clarke, and Jabez Bunting. Near the chapel is Wesley's famous parsonage. The Tower, British Museum, Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament, and St. Paul's Cathedral were all visited.

Sunday morning we heard Charles H. Spurgeon in his own Tabernacle. In the afternoon we listened to Canon Liddon in St. Paul's Cathedral. Both sermons were in the best mood of those marvelous preachers.

We also visited Windsor Castle, the famous Eton school, and Paris, returning by way of Liverpool, where we embarked for home on the *City of Rome*.

Please note that, going, we sailed on Friday, the thirteenth. In my case the day and date were not unlucky, as the superstitious might have feared. I learned more from that thirty days' trip than ever before in the same length of time.

The second event is even greater. On the eighth of March, 1904, the *Grosser Kurfürst*, of the North German Lloyd Line of steamers, sailed from New York for a seventy days' trip to Jerusalem. In this event a friend said, "I want you to take that trip," and, suiting the wish to the

word, gave me the money to pay all expenses.

Could anything be more providential? To see the Holy Land, and visit the places where our Saviour had walked, worked, suffered, and died, had been the dream of my life; but never had it occurred to me that the dream would be fulfilled. My state-room was quickly secured for \$550, to cover all cost of transportation by steamer and other conveyances, board, and all hotels, guides, etc., etc. The passport, \$2, and chair, \$1.50, made the total \$553.50.

When I came to fully realize that I was to be one of the pilgrims on that greatest cruise in all history, and that the objective point of the enterprise was the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention, to be held in Jerusalem, April 17, 18, 19, I determined to show my appreciation of my friend's generosity by writing a faithful chronicle of the best I might learn concerning the Book and the Land which is a con-

stant testimony to the Book. Palestine, Jerusalem never would have been heard of had it not been for the Book.

When Sir Walter Scott was dying he called for a book. "What book?" said an attendant. "Man," said Sir Walter, "there is but one Book—the Bible; bring it to me." May my readers find it so in larger measure than ever as they read my contribution to the unfolding of its sacred truths in *The Book and the Land*.

THE BOOK AND THE LAND

CHAPTER I

On the Wide, Wide Ocean

ONE who has never sailed the seas has no conception of the vastness of those illimitable waters we call oceans. Fully eight days of twenty-three and a half hours each were we sailing from New York to Madeira, our first landing. It is 2,750 miles from New York. Day after day it is just the same story, "Water, water everywhere," The standard joke, "We are near land," with the question, "Where?" evoking the exasperating reply, "Only three miles to the bottom," does not relieve the feeling the psalmist must have had when he said "this great wide sea!" No wonder poets have sung of the sea! No wonder all literature abounds with stories of the sea and art

reaches its climaxes in picturing the laughing waves transfigured with the glory of the sun and reflecting all the beauty and grandeur of earth and sky!

If the sea be the greatest of wonders what shall be said of those mighty ships which sail its waters? They are now so well equipped that it seems invidious to select one as more complete than others in its construction and in its appointments, but the *Grosser Kurfürst*, of the North German Lloyd Line of Atlantic steamers, well deserves a first place among the world's greatest ships. It rides the waves like Neptune's queen; and our delegates, 811 strong, with officers and crew of 365 more, have a perfect sense of security and comfort, by day and by night, in the conviction that, under a Providence propitious, this ship will bring us "to the desired haven." The reader will form some idea of its magnitude from this official statement of facts: Gross tonnage, 13,182; length,

582 feet; width, 63 feet; draught, 36 feet; crew, 365; horse power, 9,700. Supplies loaded at New York: Meat, 87,296 pounds; poultry, 22,900 pounds; flour, 95,000 pounds; potatoes, 143,887 pounds; eggs, 57,000; citrons, 35,780; sugar, 23,038 pounds; coffee, 7,340 pounds; fish, 17,521 pounds; vegetables, 38,190 pounds; milk, 9,262 gallons; butter, 31,215 pounds; oranges, 40,250; ice, 135 tons; tea, 735 pounds; coal, 3,906 tons; dried fruit, 8,866 pounds; fresh fruits, 18,050 pounds; mineral waters, 50,228 bottles, and other supplies to be taken on at other ports. It requires 162 tons of coal daily to feed the 36 fires for the main and auxiliary engines and to run the dynamo furnishing 1,000 incandescent lights. The ship is four years old—a veritable floating palace—one of the largest ships afloat.

The stateroom assigned me was No. 628, with two lower berths and one upper. The upper one, "B," was given to Rev. S. A.

Fraser, superintendent of a large Presbyterian mission in Trinidad, British West Indies. The berth below it, "A," is occupied by Rev. W. Scott Whittier, D.D., pastor of Greyfriars Presbyterian Church, Trinidad. The opposite lower berth is mine, lettered "C." It is wide, and nothing between it and the ceiling of the stateroom. We are all good travelers, untroubled by seasickness, and so far we have not missed a meal. We joke each other occasionally about our denominationalism; but as all things are foreordained, according to their creed, and we Methodists have the right to choose the best on sea and land, I have chosen them to be good fellows to room with on a ship. So our Calvinism and Arminianism combine beautifully, and stateroom No. 628 is doing its full part to hasten the millennium.

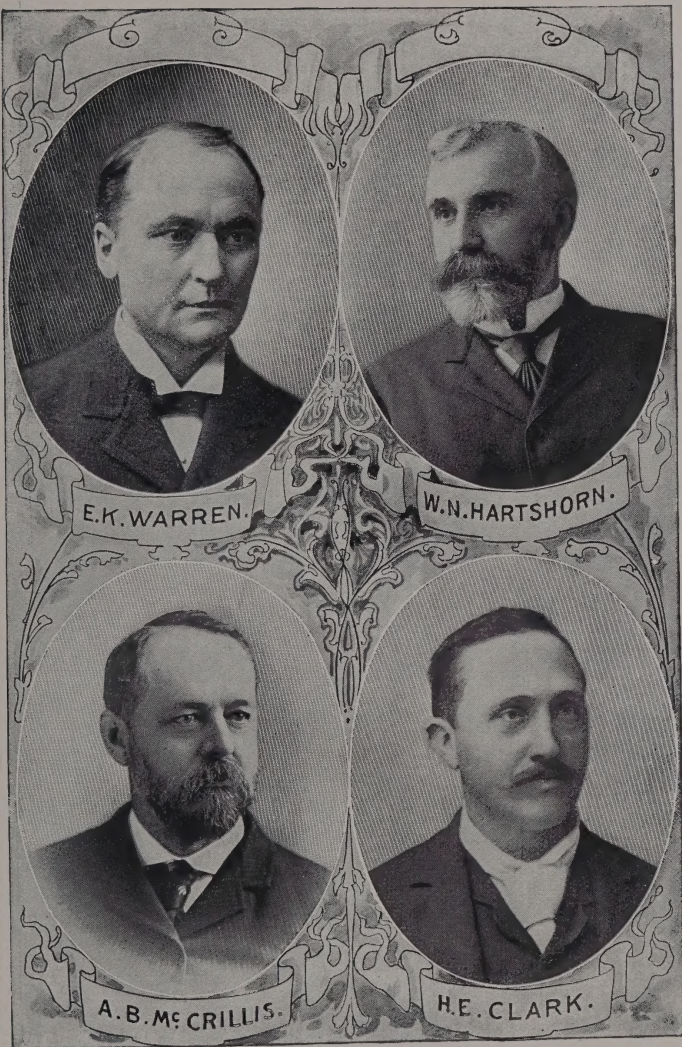
I am also specially favored in my companions at table. Taking their names in order as we sit at meals, there are Mr. and

Mrs. J. A. Stevenson, of London, Canada; their niece, Miss Davida Stafford, of St. Mary's, Canada; Rev. William H. Medlar, Congregational pastor, York, Neb.; Mrs. W. H. Medlar; C. C. Cobb and wife, York, Neb.; Rev. J. W. L. Forster, Toronto, Canada; Miss Alice E. Webster, Kentville, Nova Scotia. I meet Dr. J. G. Greenamyre, of Niles, and C. H. Wheelock, of Battle Creek, Mich., in daily companionship. The latter is one of the most useful men on the ship.

The waiters—as all the crew, from captain down to the lowest in the ranks—are polite and courteous, and the whole service is of a kind to make us feel what the crew says of us is true—that we are the nicest company that ever sailed on the *Grosser Kurfürst*. If they speak so nicely of us why shouldn't I say pretty things of them? It is an exceedingly back-number fashion to reserve flowers until those to whom we wish to bring them are dead. I must speak in this connection of the executive commit-

tee, composed of Mr. E. K. Warren, of Three Oaks, Mich., chairman; W. J. Semelroth, St. Louis, Mo., secretary; Mr. W. N. Harts-horn, of Boston, treasurer; and Mr. A. B. McCrillis, Providence, R. I. Although men of large business interests, they find time and money to devote unstintedly to Sunday school work. Were we to search the world over it would be impossible to find men more admirably qualified to project and carry forward successfully an undertaking on so immense a scale as this pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Mr. H. E. Clark, of New York city, who personally conducts the trip, is a veteran at the business, and, from A to Z, everything has been planned to make this cruise most delightful.

In the 2,750 miles from New York to Madeira we have had sermons, lectures, and music of a high character. Dr. John Potts, of Toronto, Canada, preached Sunday morning, March 13, and F. H. Jacobs, musical leader, a characteristic sermon in



E.K. WARREN.

W.N. HARTSHORN.

A.B. Mc CRILLIS.

H.E. CLARK.

the evening. In the afternoon a Sunday school was held, a prelude to the coming Sunday school convention in Jerusalem. Marion Lawrence, of Toledo, O., was superintendent. D. B. Purinton, president of West Virginia University, led the large Bible class to which I belonged. Total attendance, 522; collection, \$100.

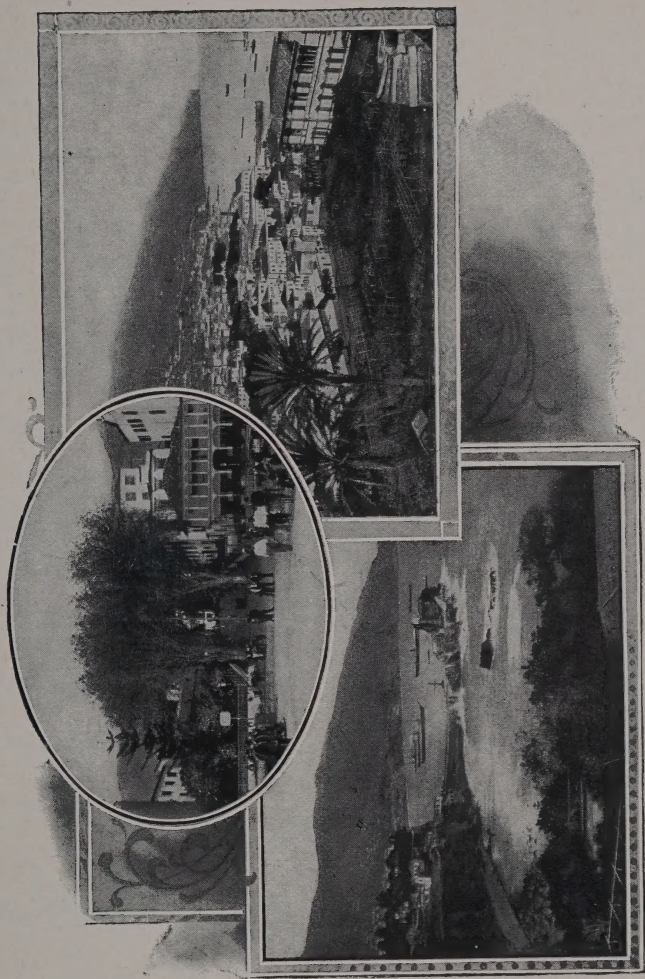
Rev. Dr. H. H. Jessup, a missionary in Beirut, Syria, for forty-nine years, lectured interestingly on "Hints for Travelers" and "Woman in Mohammedan Countries." The finest lecture to which we listened was on "Photography," by Rev. Dr. Nutting, of Providence, R. I. Every sentence was a gem.

CHAPTER II

Madeira, Gíbraltar, Algiers

WELL does the poet tell us that "things seen are mightier than things heard." I had heard of Madeira as "the gem of the Portuguese crown," but of its exquisite beauty I had no conception until I saw it. When our ship landed there, on the morning of March 16, and we saw the city rising before us, terrace on terrace, from the shore, up the mountain nearly three thousand feet, we could scarcely make ourselves believe that it was not such a city as John saw "coming down from God out of heaven," so beautiful was it in the light of that golden morning, as the rays of the sun clothed it with more than material light.

But, alas! "things are not what they seem." When we went ashore and came in contact with the people—there are 30,000



Funchal Landing Place. Funchal, from the West.

in all—we concluded that “beauty of situation” and even beautiful buildings do not constitute a city, but its spirit, its enterprise, its art, its morals, its religious life—in short, its civilization—determine its rank and place among cities.

The streets, narrow and crooked, and paved with small cobblestones over which passengers are drawn by oxen driven by men and boys who keep up an incessant cudgeling of the poor creatures, accompanied with a “zoa” and “whoa” more like bedlam than anything else. The carriage is a vehicle on runners. Four persons usually are seated in it, and it was an interesting spectacle to see our delegates going and coming with the utmost enjoyment in these “carros,” as they are called. The price per hour for one person is twenty-five cents. Donkeys are the beasts of burden. Seeing the women washing clothes on the stones of the rapidly rushing creek which comes down the mountain, and beholding

them bending under the heaviest loads, one is tempted to call them beasts of burden too.

The Roman Cathedral is the largest church edifice in Funchal; fully ninety per cent of the population are Catholics. The Presbyterians have a mission here of 79 members, organized in 1840. A meeting was held in their church addressed by Dr. W. S. Whittier, pastor of the Portuguese Presbyterian Church of Trinidad, who gave an interesting account of the work in Trinidad and of the Portuguese church in Jacksonville, Ill., where members had gone from Madeira in 1846, the time of the persecution. Bishop Hartzell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, organized a mission here in 1898. It has 60 members. Many who visited this mission after the general reception given us in the theater, and heard the testimony of the members, said that they had been converted to believe in missions, and hereafter would give dollars where

hitherto they had only given pennies to the cause.

The delegates enjoyed a ride up the mountain, and then down for two miles on the toboggan slide.

Of all places for beggars this stands first. The picture that will remain longest in the minds of the delegates is the outstretched hand appealing for a "tip." Though grapes, oranges, and other fruit abound here, sugar cane and world-noted wines, and the industry of all would seem to put a ban on begging, yet there it is in full blossom; and the pressure for "tips" is so great that the visitor must either give or run. I gave until my change was all gone, and then ran for the ship.

As "all the world loves a lover" it will interest the reader to learn that here, on the island of Madeira, Christopher Columbus first met the young woman who became his wife. Is it too much to believe that she had much to do in shaping his subsequent

career? As a rule men owe their success in life to their wives.

The only uniquely funny scene witnessed here was before we left the ship. No sooner had we cast anchor than a perfect avalanche of small boats poured upon our vessel, and in them were men and boys trained to dive for shining coins thrown into the water by the passengers. Nickels, dimes, quarters were all caught by these skillful divers, with never a piece sinking to the bottom. As soon as the coin struck the water down plunged the diver, quickly returning to the surface holding it between his toes and then transferring it to his palm, which he held open, so all could see it. Does the reader say, "He had an itching palm"? Are not the great mass of people equally greedy and venturesome to secure the glittering lucre? Do not censure the Madeira diver. He is only one of many belonging to the school of money-getters. "Get money," said the principal of a commercial school in a certain

town to his students, "Get money, young gentlemen; honestly, if you can, but get money." John Wesley spoke better than that when he said, "Get all you can; save all you can; give all you can."

GIBRALTAR

We left Madeira for Gibraltar at 3 P. M., March 17. On our ride we were relatively near Trafalgar, where Lord Nelson lost his life in the famous sea fight. It was he who gave the world the simple words which ring down the corridors of time, "England expects every man to do his duty." England is great in the possession of some of the noblest names in history: Nelson, Wellington, and a long line of mighty men in war and peace. We also passed Tarifa. This town gave to America the word "tariff," which has held so conspicuous a place in her financial economy.

We landed at Gibraltar about nine o'clock A. M., March 19, and were received with the

utmost cordiality. The well-known picture of the Rock of Gibraltar has already familiarized the reader with its appearance. Its grim-visaged front, rising 1,400 feet above the sea, with its hinder part resembling the body of a lion, seems, like that monster, to be the sentinel of the doorway to the far East through the Mediterranean. But to travel the streets and winding roads of Gibraltar, up its heights, impresses one more and more that it was small wonder the Moors, Spaniards, and French have struggled so desperately for the possession of this Jumbonian stronghold, captured and held at last by Great Britain, with her intuitive conviction that she, and she alone, must be by consent of nations the mistress of the sea.

The most of our party did what I must call the fool business of the day. Led, as we were, like lambs to the slaughter, going up and up, now through tunnels, now along roads cut through the rocks, up and

up, to the galleries, expecting to see wonders and wonders, and, lo, the whole performance was a repetition of the act of the general who, with his men, "marched up the hill and then marched down again." Our shoes were robbed of blacking by the mud, our muscles of strength, and in some cases the query arose, How shall we ever walk back? One lady collapsed, and had to be revived by restoratives. Our only consolation was that we had seen the caverns and gone over subterranean roads begun by the Moors in 1704 and afterward completed by the English. When they told us that from 6,000 to 10,000 British soldiers are garrisoned here the year round we understood something of the price England pays to maintain this stronghold against the world.

Most of us visited the old Spanish town of Lienea, two miles from Gibraltar, where we saw a typical Spanish city of about 40,000 population. The streets were filled

with filth, dirty-faced children, dogs, hogs, and beggars galore. Returning in company with Mr. Wheelock, a lad of ten followed us two miles, asking us almost every step of the way to give him an alms. Mr. Wheelock said "No," but succumbed when he thought of the boy's persistence, remarking, "If he goes to Gibraltar I'll give him a penny (two cents) for his perseverance. If there is any trait in a boy I admire it is persistency." I said, "I'll give him another," and, sure enough, he walked with us the whole two miles and was rewarded with our "tip" of four cents—a day's wages for a boy. Am I a prophet? Behold in this lad the future Pierpont Morgan of Spain!

All the streets of Gibraltar are winding and narrow. The dwellings and business houses are solidly built, compact together. The soldiers seem greatly to outnumber the civilians. We called on the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, of Massachusetts,

who extended many courtesies. After our visit to Portuguese and Spanish towns we felt restored to our own when we stepped on the solid streets of an English city, seeing everywhere the evidences of British thrift and solidity, and, best of all, seeing "Old Glory" waving in the breeze.

As we were starting for our ship we learned that the emperor of Germany was paying a two days' visit to Gibraltar, but we did not see him.

At 6 P. M. we left Gibraltar, passed the Pillars of Hercules, and were sailing the Mediterranean. At 1:30 A. M. next day, while I was taking my bath, the ship anchored in the harbor of Algiers. A few hours later we saw street cars displaying the glare of electric lights, telling us we were under the ægis of France, a nation in many respects in the van of civilization.

After breakfasting on board the entire delegation, 811 strong, were quickly in carriages and driving about the city. Few will

ever forget that ride of three hours, not less than ten miles, through the public gardens, the old towns and the new, seeing every variety of fauna and flora, and orange, lemon, banana, palm, olive trees, etc., etc. It was a bewilderment of beauty everywhere. The dwelling houses and public buildings give evidence of Moorish architecture, a few of modern date. All the luxury of tropical climes was apparent in the vegetation, and those who did not expect to see anything like marked floriculture in Africa could scarcely credit their eyes. In our long drive we passed the most beautiful gardens and vineyards which must munificently reward the toil of the husbandman. It is the same story in all lands: "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

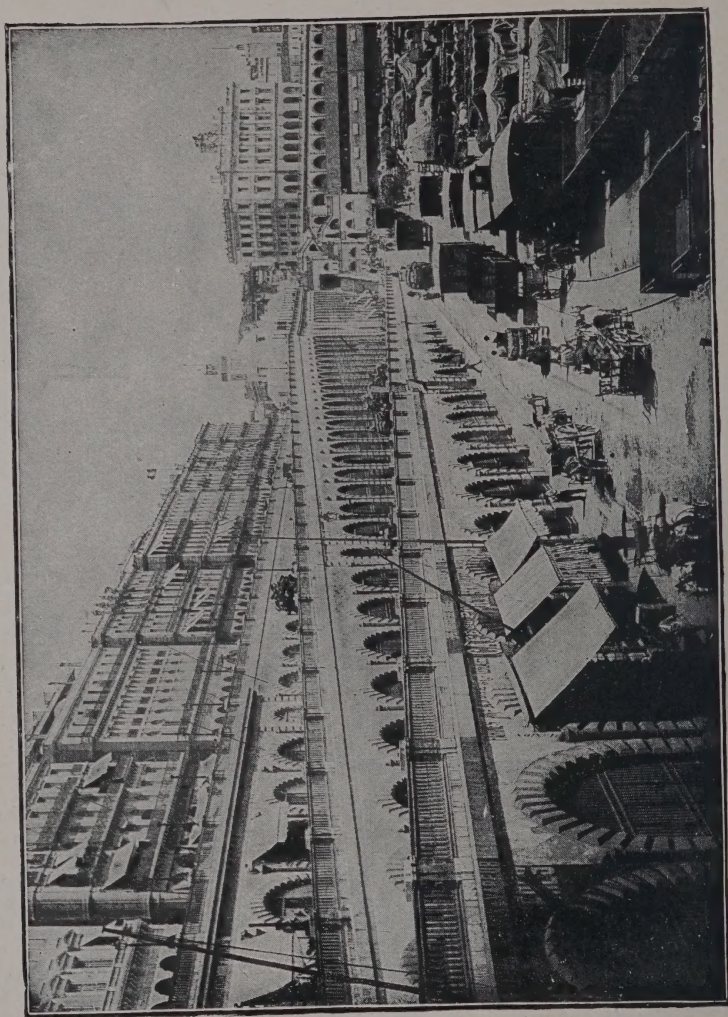
The streets greatly resemble those of Paris, which I had seen in 1886. The babel of tongues kept us in a constant strain to understand, and those of our party who

could not speak or understand French, Arabic, etc., quickly resigned themselves to the bliss of ignorance. In two or three instances by motion of lips and hands, and even feet, I tried to make myself understood, but it was useless, and, like many others, I resigned myself to my environments.

The post office, telegraph office, and souvenir stores were the principal places visited, and for more than an hour the trade in stamps, postal cards, etc., seemed large enough to make a country post office green with envy. Cablegrams were sent as well as letters; for had we not been absent from home a fortnight? and we knew loved ones would be anxious to hear from us. Several asked me to assist in phrasing their dispatches to reduce them to the absolute minimum of words; for every word had to be paid for, including the address and the sender's signature. A man whose name was George Thomas asked me to condense his

message, and this he sent: "THOMAS,——, West Virginia. All right. GEORGE." For those few words he paid two dollars and forty cents. And yet who shall say it was too much, considering how great a world of meaning was conveyed in the last three words—particularly what the word "George" meant to that loving wife thousands of miles away! Marvelous, indeed, is the science which enables us to communicate our thoughts of love and interest to the uttermost parts of the earth! Forever honored be the names of Samuel F. B. Morse and Cyrus W. Field!

Our drive to the Arab quarters, where poverty, disease, imbecility, and squalor were much in evidence to our optical and olfactory senses, showed us how wide is the gulf which separates our Christian, Bible-loving America from this country, where the inspired word of God is scarcely seen or read. Algiers has a population of about 95,000, and from its pure white marble ap-



Algiers.—Facing the Quay.

pearance is called the "city in white," also "a diamond set in emerald." It is a famous health resort. It was founded by the Arabs, fought for by the Moors and French, and is now in possession of the latter. For more than three hundred years it was the stronghold of pirates whose deeds of plunder and murder fill many a dark page in history. They were finally driven out of their hiding places by the French, who literally smoked them out of their caves and retreats. The city has two parts, French and Moorish, and the distinction between them is readily seen in the difference both in the people and the architecture of the old and new towns. Our visit to Algiers richly repaid us in giving us new conceptions of the status and possibilities of Africa.

Leaving Algiers, we passed many places of historic interest, the most noted of which was the site of ancient Carthage—modern Tunis—made famous as the home of Han-

nibal, who started from there for Rome and the Punic Wars. Here, too, Constantine left the impress of his progressive and valorous spirit. Also while sailing the waters of the blue Mediterranean I could not forget that on its shores one of the world's martyr heroes passed through his Gethsemane of agony and despair. He gained a crown of immortality by giving to the world one of the wonderful poems of the nineteenth century, "Abide with me! Fast falls the even-tide." Before sailing his last voyage, filled with a sense of uttermost failure in life, discouraged, and longing for death, which came all too quickly, Henry F. Lyte wrote those words. Rev. Dr. John Potts was pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Church of Toronto, Canada, at the time, and as soon as the hymn reached that city the organist of that church set it to music and dedicated it to Dr. Potts. Dr. Potts is to be our preacher on Mars' Hill next Sunday, March 27.

CHAPTER III

Malta, Athens, Corinth

I COME now to the first places in our trip forever associated with the Book of books. We arrived at Malta at six o'clock this morning, March 23. This date has a sad interest to me, for two years ago she who had been the companion of my ministry, the joy of my heart, for more than thirty years, sweetly passed from us to her home in heaven. It all came so suddenly, and such was the nature of her disease, that she could not leave us a dying testimony; and I am glad she did not. I care not for dying testimonies. They count for little or nothing. It is the living testimony we want. If ever a person has a high seat in heaven it is my Mary, whose spirit was ever overflowing with the love and gentleness of Jesus Christ, whose only aim and endeavor

were to make bright and beautiful all lives with which she came in touch in the home, the social gathering, and the church. Those who heard her sing can never forget the liquid smoothness and sweetness of her voice. The angels envied us, and God listened to their asking and gave her a place in the choir of the Holy City. She loved birds and flowers and little children and all beautiful things, and she has them all there!

Malta belongs to Great Britain. It is about ten miles wide by twenty long and has a population of 150,000. Its capital, Valletta, has 70,000 inhabitants. Its ancient capital was Civita Vecchia. Monuments of Roman rule are still there. Parts of the town date their beginnings to 2,500 years ago. Near here is St. Paul's Bay, where he was shipwrecked. We drove to his monument—that is, as near as we could—and saw the little church which marks the place where he spent three days. We saw here, in this ancient capital, the cathedral built

on the site of the house of Publius, who entertained Paul.

The whole island is a strongly fortified garrison—the key of British defense of its possessions from incursions from the East. But garrisoned or not, and with all its marvelous history of the Knights of Malta, Paul and Paul alone gives to Malta its name and fame. The story in Acts is corroborated by all the traditions of Malta, and there are abundant evidences in the numerous monuments on the island that not one word recorded there is a “cunningly devised fable.”

In leaving Malta for Athens our captain guided the ship several miles out of her course to give the delegates a new view of St. Paul's Bay and his statue, standing on a small island marking the place where two seas meet. So thrilling were all the thoughts crowding the mind that it seemed as if Paul were again on earth revisiting the scenes which his life and deeds had made so sacred.

Our ride to Athens will occupy two

nights and one whole day, as we are "booked" to be there at 6 A. M., Friday, March 25. The *Grosser Kurfürst* has a wonderful record for punctuality, never failing to be on time in its scheduled course of thousands of miles.

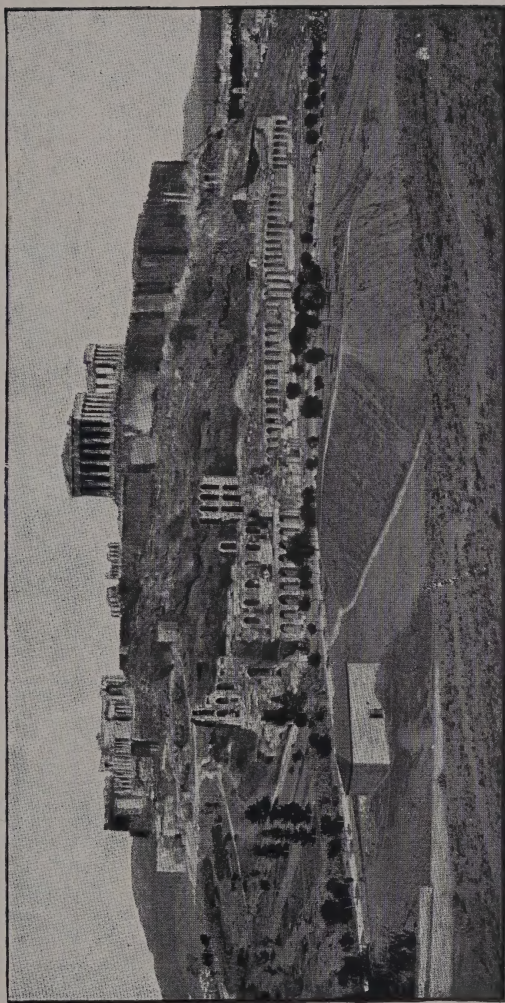
The weather to date has been exceptionally beautiful, making our landings free from storms and rough seas. He who rules the waves has been propitious. Kind heavens have bent over us, and the charms of sky and atmosphere have contributed greatly to the delight of our voyage. Of course every day some one on board predicts storms and a terrible shaking up, but this weather disappoints them, and our ship sails on. And so it is with our good ship Zion, with the Book for chart and compass. How many, even in my day, have prophesied evil of it, and that it would surely be wrecked by the floods of adverse criticism and all the terrific bombardments of its enemies! but it is a mighty battleship

and palatial ocean liner in one, and it sails all seas and never strikes a rock and never disappoints those who trust her and her infallible Captain. He always brings the ship's company safely into "the desired haven." O, ye prophets of evil, stop croaking; confess that you are not inspired in your assaults on our ship, and that really you do not know what you are talking about. Get on board, and listen to the music and ride the waves with us. "We are journeying into the land of which the Lord said, I will give it you; come with us, and we will do you good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

Our landing place for Athens was Piræus, where we dropped anchor on time, at 6 A. M., Friday, March 25. At nine we boarded the train for Athens, where carriages were in waiting to convey us to Mars' Hill and the Acropolis. It would be impossible to describe our emotions as we stood on Mars' Hill, where Paul gave that

wonderful address to the Athenians recorded in Acts xvii, beginning with the twenty-second verse. Imagine, if you can, the speaker and his audience. He a man of widest scholarship, and they, to the last of them, familiar with questions old and new, accustomed to keenest disputation and matchless arguments, listening to the greatest sermon in history save the Sermon of our Lord on the Mount. It was most fitting that our committee provided, in their program for next Sunday's service on Mars' Hill, that all the pastors on the *Grosser Kurfürst* should recite Paul's sermon in concert.

We went from Mars' Hill to the Parthenon, where we spent hours contemplating the miracles in marble which have been the wonder and admiration of architects and sculptors for centuries; for is not the world in all the nations of earth employing the unsurpassable Doric and Ionic beauty of the Parthenon? Here Solon, Plato, Socrates, Demosthenes, Pericles, and



Athens.—The Acropolis.

many others who live in history achieved their fame. Here we saw the forum of Demosthenes; the prison where Socrates drank the hemlock and died; here, too, the lantern with which Diogenes went through the streets in broad daylight searching for a man; and here, to show his contempt for many things men are greedy to possess, he said, when asked what favor should be shown him, "I want no favor but that you will stand aside and let the sun shine on me." Well for us all could we learn the great lesson of Paul: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

It was in a bazaar of Athens that one of her great philosophers said: "How many things there are here that I do not want."

In the museum we saw specimens of the best sculpture of Greece; but not one piece of statuary did I see in perfect preservation. All were more or less discolored, bruised,

broken. All efforts toward rehabilitation and restoration had proven ineffectual to renew in them their pristine loveliness. The glorious temples, all works of art most beautiful, were mockeries of their former beauty and glory. An Athenian gentleman has given one million dollars to restore some of the magnificence of the Parthenon; but I venture to say that the effort will be like converting an old building into a new one—something which never yet has proven a success. When I heard the sermon of Dr. Potts, Sunday, March 27, on Märs' Hill, the conviction came upon me as never before that what the world needs is not so much the beautiful in art as the beautiful in character; not great buildings, great monuments, but great men and women adorned with all the graces of likeness to Jesus Christ, the "meek and lowly in heart."

"Paul departed from Athens and came to Corinth." Sixteen of our company decided to follow his example, though it

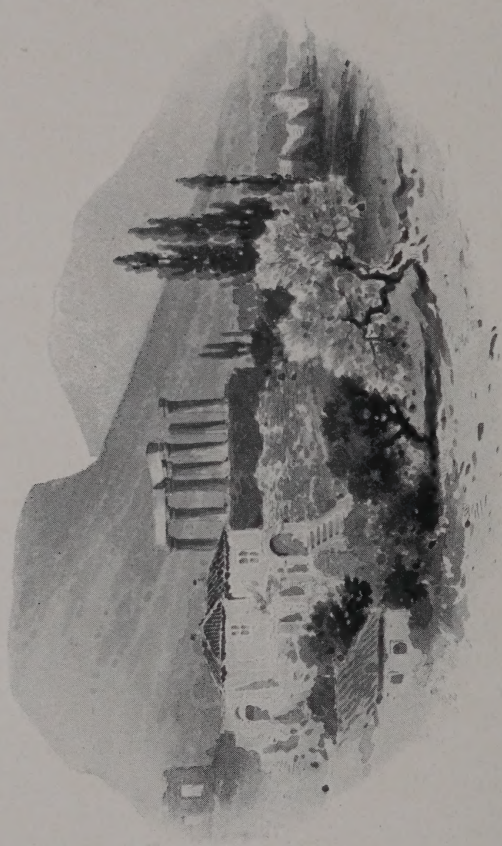
was not in our itinerary. Many tried to discourage us but to all opposition we turned a deaf ear, and I must say our day's outing proved the climax of enjoyment for our cruise to date.

At Piræus I visited the home of Mr. George Cotsonis, a wealthy contractor and builder to whom I bore a letter of introduction from his nephew in Coldwater, Mr. Nicholas Cotsonis. After reading the letter he took the greatest possible interest in me. Our interpreter said, "He is very fond of you. He wants you to be his priest. He says if you will be his priest you shall have all the money you want so long as you shall live." I thanked him, but courteously informed him that I could not think of leaving my church or country at my age. He lived in a marble house, and owned the marble house next to it, and also one in Athens. He is about forty-five years of age; his wife is an accomplished portrait painter and does the most exquisite work

in home decorations. Both are admirable entertainers.

Leaving Piræus, sixty miles from Corinth, at 6:10 A. M. on Saturday, March 26, we passed some of the noted places mentioned in Greek classical history. First came Eleusis, town and bay, around which were held the mysteries which have been the enigma of centuries; then we came to Megara, on the shore of Salamis Bay, where the Greeks and Persians fought the noted sea fight of ancient history. Opposite the bay we saw Mount Ægaleus, where Xerxes sat on his throne and watched the struggle expecting to see the Persians win an easy victory; but the cunning Greeks, under the great Themistocles, turned the power of Persia on the water, as at Marathon its power on the land had been turned, into the complete triumph of Greece over Persian domination. We also passed near Phylæ, with its so famous fortress.

Not far from Corinth our train crossed



Corinth.

the new ship canal which cuts the Isthmus of Corinth, only recently dug. It is about three miles in length, and from its importance is considered a great piece of engineering—as much so for little Greece to accomplish as will be our Panama Canal for the United States. How I rejoice that there is a spirit in America which makes for progress, and hesitates at nothing which puts the prestige of the United States on the highest pedestal of achievement. That is the spirit which makes an American traveling abroad feel proud of Old Glory when he sees it waving among the flags of all nations, the prettiest and grandest of them all!

On reaching Corinth we drove in carriages three quarters of an hour, to the foot of Acrocorinthus, where we saw the ruins of the temple of Minerva built seven hundred years before Christ; said to be the oldest ruin in Greece. Seven columns or pillars with their capitals remain in a good state of preservation. Near this temple was the

floor of the market where Paul disputed with the Corinthians, and we also saw the stone marking the place of the synagogue, and the house of Justus, near by, where Paul spent a year and six months. Horses and mules, saddled, and each furnished with a driver, were waiting to carry us two and a half miles up the mountain. Forgetful of the fact that my arms were unequal to horseback riding, I was assisted into the saddle of a strange horse, to be led by a strange driver, to go over a strange mountain path which seemed to hang over most dangerous precipices. But I was in for it, and away we went, single file, up and up the winding path which more and more impressed me as being too perilously near the precipice. I repeatedly urged my driver to keep my horse nearer the inside, and not so perilously close to the outside of the path, knowing all the time that he could not understand one word I said. But all things have an end, and we reached

the place where we must make the rest of the ascent on foot. Wasn't I glad! But my rejoicing was quickly changed to alarm when the third man ahead of me leaped from his saddle, and his horse, with a sense of freedom, turned to run down the path and coming to my horse began to bite it, and then both began a genuine scrap of biting and kicking as if they had all the room in the world for their circus, and quite failing to comprehend—what I, alas, fully comprehended—that I was high up in that saddle and had not enough strength in my arms to get off, and if their fight ended in a promiscuous tumble down the precipice, I never should be able to finish the chapters of *The Book and the Land*. But my state-room companions, seeing my peril, caught me quickly and lifted me bodily from the saddle to *terra firma*.

Does anyone imagine that I had the most distant thought of ever mounting that horse again? Was the value of our good *Grosser*

Kurfürst, between two million and three million dollars, price enough to tempt me to ride that horse down the mountain? It suddenly dawned upon me that my ride up the mountain had developed me into a champion pedestrian. Why should I wish to ride? What were legs and feet for? Why were one's pedal extremities debased to mere ornamentation, when designed for the noble uses of walking? Didn't Paul walk when he came to Corinth? Such reflections made me resolve not to do any more horseback riding during my trip to Jerusalem. How much farther was it to the summit? Some said a mile and a half; others, two miles. But I was equal to it, and at last stood on the top of Acrocorinthus. And were we not well repaid! It is said that only one other view in the world compares with it—the view from Mount Rigi, Switzerland. Two thousand feet below us the beautiful bay of Corinth, the bay of Eleusis, Eleusis itself, Athens, with its Parthenon

and other temples, sixty miles distant, and then, still more distant, the great Parnassus and other mountains mentioned in classic story. What a place was this, where I stood, to be crowned with the temple of Venus! Yes; near me were the ruins of that most noted of all temples, where the treasures of Attica were said to have been stored and the highest forms of Greek worship were observed. Returning to the plain below, surely my eyes had seen enough to recall Shakespeare's words:

“ Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind ”

We reached our ship at 8:30 in the evening better prepared for the wonderful service on Mars' Hill the next day. Could our leaving of Athens have been calculated more wisely to flood our memories with inspired recollections of Greece!

CHAPTER IV

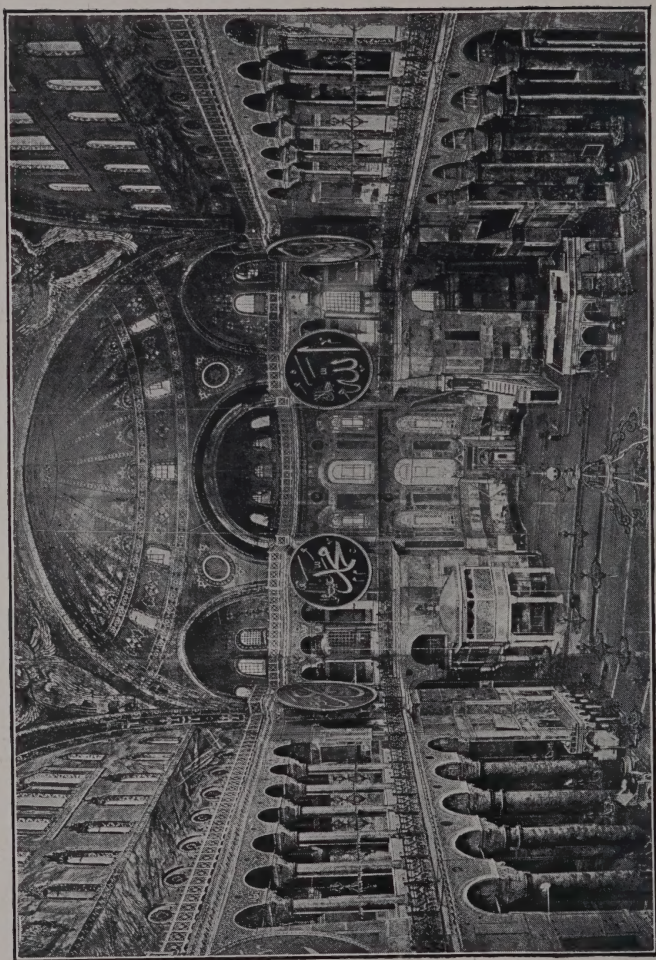
Constantinople, Smyrna, Ephesus

WE left Piræus, Athens, March 27, 3 P. M., and arrived at Constantinople March 28, 6 P. M. The weather was very fine, so our opportunities for sightseeing were the best. We had a good view of the site of old Troy, the place itself gone forever. At the Dardanelles we received the Turkish officer on board. All ships halt here and cannot pass without the consent of this officer. The fortifications make it the second strongest position in the world; Gibraltar standing first.

Our good ship and those in it were "all right," and we proceeded on our voyage. Coming into the harbor of Constantinople, among the finest in the world, we had a good view of the city, as it stands on several hills, Stamboul, Galata, Scutari. We were not dazzled with admiration, as when we

saw Madeira, but its vastness made up for its lack of beauty. The American Consul, Mr. Dickinson, of New York, came on board and presided at a meeting addressed by Prof. Van Milligen, on Constantinople. He presided the following evening when Mr. Edwin Pears, a distinguished historian of Constantinople, lectured on the rare things of the city's history. These three gentlemen greatly endeared themselves to us. Mr. Pears's lecture was especially fine in the information he gave concerning the museum where many of the relics are unmistakable proofs of those Bible statements most severely criticised. For example, the stone in the museum, positively from Solomon's Temple, which speaks of the penalty imposed on those who profane the temple fully answers the criticisms of those who tell us that Jesus, a youth, could not have driven the people with a whip from the temple, as it would have created a riot throughout the city.

Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in visiting the most noted points of interest; the Genoese Tower, overlooking all the city; the treasury, where millions in value would fail to pay the price of the jewels—one, the great emerald, is appraised at \$5,000,000; the Mosque of Saint Sophia, founded as a Christian church, A. D. 502, by Emperor Justinian. Its dome 105 feet in diameter, height, 184 feet. Its most exquisitely beautiful pillars were taken from the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Ten thousand men were employed in building this mosque. Cost, \$5,000,000. We visited the Hippodrome, Palace, Museum, bazaars, and Robert College. But the people, the dogs, and the pigeons interested us more than the buildings. Scarcely a woman was to be seen in this city of one million population. The men, everywhere in evidence, wore the red fez. We became so weary seeing them and listening to their unintelligible gabble it was really refresh-



Constantinople. — Interior of Mosque.

ing to think we did not have to stay in Constantinople forever. The dogs, "whom nobody owns," had the freedom of the city, as no one dares abuse or kill them. Our guide said there were eighty thousand of them, but the delegates were convinced that number was too small. Counting from almost any point, fifty or more dogs could be readily enumerated. The pigeons, too, are sacred. At one time the enemies of Mohammed pursued him and he took refuge in a cave. They had supposed they saw him enter the cave, but seeing two pigeons building their nest in its mouth they concluded he was not there and passed on, and he escaped. Hence pigeons fly and nest where they please in Constantinople. Even the magnificent Mosque of Saint Sophia is numerously tenanted by them.

Thursday morning, March 31, we sailed up the Bosphorus to permit the nose of our ship to push into the Black Sea for a mile

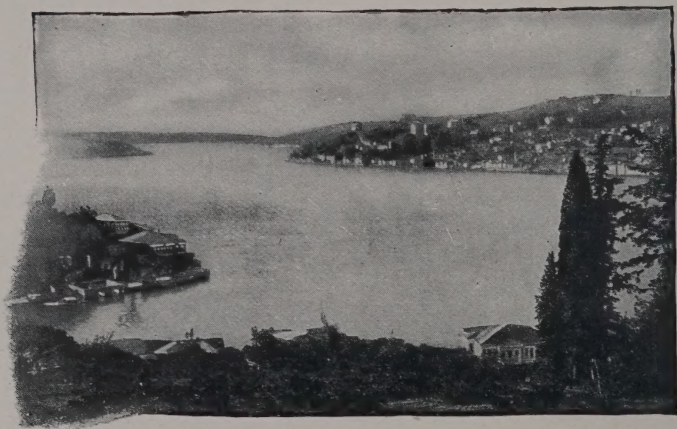
or two. When we passed Robert College enjoying its large commanding site, with its imposing chapel and dormitory, we saw "Old Glory" waving from the flagstaff and received a most enthusiastic salute from the three hundred and twenty students who gave their college yell and waved their small flags most enthusiastically.

Robert College was founded about forty years ago with four students. Dr. Hamlin, its founder, had vainly sought to secure a site for it, but received the usual "we'll see about it," and was about giving up in despair when Admiral Farragut came into the harbor on his great battleship. The Sultan gave the admiral a banquet. Dr. Hamlin saw his opportunity and made the simple request of the admiral "that, at the banquet, he would ask the sultan if he was not going to give Dr. Hamlin the land for that college." That did the business. Dr. Hamlin, with his Yankee shrewdness, knew what that question would suggest to His

Imperial Majesty. He quickly called his advisers together in consultation. What did that question mean? Did it mean that unless the land were given the United States would send more war ships? The next day Dr. Hamlin was presented with the immense campus now in the possession of that great college. Yes, great it is in the work it is doing for the future of the Turkish Empire, to say nothing of its present influence. Am I saying too much in averring that these colleges—one for girls as well is already planted here—are to change the civilization of these vast empires of the East? Never in my life did "Old Glory" mean more to me than it did this morning when I saw it waving from the flagstaff of Robert College. Not by fire and sword are the "golden years" to come to this country, but by the simple teaching and preaching of Jesus Christ.

This ride up the Bosphorus and into the

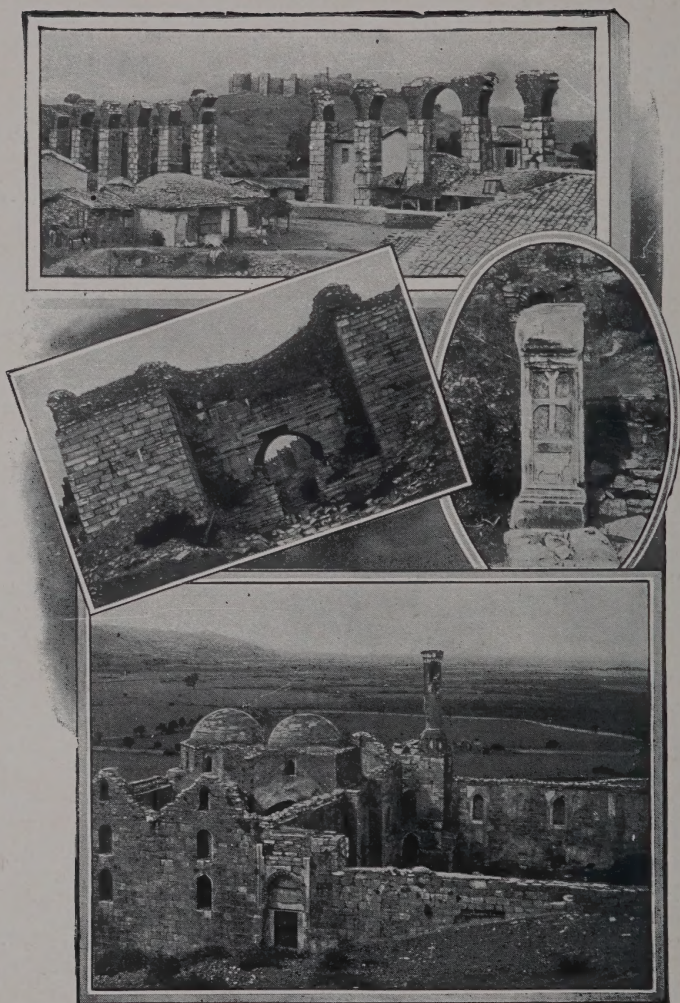
Black Sea reminded me of the sail up the Hudson, its banks lined with mansions and palaces of culture and beauty. Here we saw the homes of the ambassadors of all the great nations and the beautiful summer



View of the Bosphorus.

home of the Krupps. By his death, a few months ago, his daughter becomes the richest woman in the world.

Returning through the Bosphorus we came to the Sea of Marmora, again passed through the Dardanelles, and Friday, 8 A. M., steamed into the harbor of Smyrna, grateful



Ephesus.—Aqueduct and Castle. Gate to Persecution. Saint Lucas's Tomb. General View from Saint John's Church.

to the kind Providence which had permitted us to see and enjoy so much by land and sea.

At Smyrna five hundred and fifty of our company went to Ephesus, fifty-four miles distant. Our ride on the Ottoman Railroad was a continuous delight. As we passed many vineyards and fig orchards, especially as we drew near Ephesus, we were not a little surprised to learn that sixty train loads of figs were sent from Ephesus to Smyrna last season. "The time of figs is not yet," but the orchards were most interesting in their promise of an abundant crop for the coming season. Great quantities of grapes are here dried into raisins. All the people are very busy—men, women, and children.

At Ephesus we walked two and a half miles, to the site of the Theater, Stadium, and Gymnasium, after taking a brief survey of the ruins of the Temple of Diana, which had been destroyed seven times. Its be-

ginning is said to reach back two thousand years B. C.

During a pouring rain we held a brief religious service in the old Theater, the pastor at Smyrna reading most of the nineteenth chapter of Acts, and Rev. Dr. C. H. Parrish, colored church of Louisville, Ky., voicing a prayer for the destruction of superstition, idolatry, and sin of all kinds. He made an earnest plea for Africa, which had been so long oppressed. A large area of the place is covered with broken columns, capitals, panels, all of marble, some of it exquisitely beautiful. Here in this theater was the uproar Paul encountered through the jealous fears of Demetrius. The old church—mosque—in memory of Saint John, first Bishop of Ephesus, is here, quite a ruin. Here Paul preached and labored three years, as he told the brethren from Ephesus whom he met at Miletus. And John's immortal Book of Revelation shows us the position of Ephesus among the seven

churches of Asia. Smyrna, too, had one of the seven churches, and so this city of 325,000 population possesses a marvelous interest for Bible scholars, though not equal to Ephesus, where Paul wrote his First Epistle to the Corinthians. Smyrna has a history of over 3,000 years. Next to Constantinople it is the largest city in Turkey. Here Polycarp, in his ninety-fifth year, was burned as a martyr. He was a disciple of John, and thus comes quite near the time of our Lord. The proconsul, respecting his age and venerable appearance, offered to save him from martyrdom if he would deny Christ. The reply of Polycarp was equal to the best in all Christian heroism: "Eighty and six years have I served my Lord, and he has never done me wrong; shall I deny him now?" So he witnessed a good profession, and forever reminds us that our Lord must have meant more than we think when he said: "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of

man also confess before the angels of God." Polycarp's grave in Smyrna, under the shade of two cypress trees, well up the mount crowned by the Acropolis, will ever be the shrine where the devout pilgrim will pay tribute to moral heroism and to the nobility of living and dying for Christ.

CHAPTER V

Patmos, Rhodes, Cyprus, Beirut

THE first here named is the Siberia of the Bible—the enforced habitation, for a time, of the beloved disciple John, banished for “the testimony of Jesus.” Passing it in early morning, the clear light gave us a good opportunity to see it. Gazing upon the bare, rocky surface the question arose, By what means could John have survived his stay there? The most fitting words I could think of were, “loneliness and starvation.” The whole story of the island and of John’s character was brought to my mind as summarized in a sermon I heard twenty years ago from the pastor of the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church in New Orleans. It was the leading colored church of that city. My friend, Mr. Payne Pettebone, of Wyoming, Pa., had invited me to spend three

weeks with him on his sugar plantation of three thousand acres in Louisiana. We stopped over Sunday in New Orleans at the famous Saint Charles Hotel. We attended Ames Church in the morning and Wesley Church in the evening. It was crowded to the doors. The pastor came in half an hour late. Looking at the clock he said, "What ails dat ar' clock? It's half an hour too fast." "No, brother," replied one of the officials, "you're half an hour too slow." "Did you ever know me to git left?" retorted the preacher, and went on with the service as if he were on regulation time. His text was in Revelation: "I am he that was dead and am alive," etc. "John," said he, "was all de time talking about Jesus. Dey tried to stop him but could not. Dey put him in a kittle of boilin' oil, but hadn't any sooner got him in dar dan the Lawd sent down his swiftest angel, and de angel he fanned de fire out o' the kittle, and John never had a mo' comfortable

bath in his life. Den dat cruel Emprur Domination [Domitian] said, 'I'll fix him so he won't be talking about Jesus!' So he banished him to the lonely Isle of Patmos, where dar warn't a single pusson to talk to. But dey couldn't stop him talking about Jesus dat way. He just talked to himself. He wasn't like some of you Sunday morning Christians. You git up in class and drawl out a slow, threadbare testimony how you love Jesus, and den you live all the week as if you'd never heern tell of such a pusson as Jesus!" Up to this time they had frequently interrupted him with shouts and amens, but now you could have heard a pin drop. "Why don't you say amen to that?" said he.

With this suggestive story I will simply mention that the few people living on the island now have a tradition that when John came there the devil had a contention with him for sovereignty, but John commanded him to plunge into the sea, near two

frightful rocks, and that since then, steam rises continually from the spot where Satan went down. Such is the belief in this legend that not one of the natives, for love or money, can be persuaded to conduct the visitor to that spot.

Our captain sailed forty miles out of his way to give us a good view of Rhodes. The Colossus, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, here in ancient times, is not to be seen, and only traditions of the Knights of Saint John remain to show they had here such a famous organization. Paul visited this island after his farewell to Ephesus. For hours our vessel steamed in sight of Cyprus, Paul's labors there being mentioned several times in Acts.

Easter Sunday services were held by a sermon in the morning from Rev. Mr. Allen, of Toledo. Text, "Remember Jesus Christ"; Sunday school in the afternoon; superintendent, Dr. Johnson, of Canada. My Bible class teacher was Rev. Dr. D. B.

Purinton, president of the West Virginia University. If he administers the university as ably as he conducted our class I predict for it a magnificent career. Sunday evening a missionary service was held, addressed by Professor James P. McNaughton and his wife, of the International College of Smyrna, Turkey. That both addresses were exceptionally fine may be seen in the fact that our company gave over six hundred dollars for missionary work there.

Early Monday morning we dropped anchor in Beirut harbor. The city has a population of 150,000. Its greatest object of interest to Americans is the American College. Dr. Bliss is president. It has fifteen fine buildings and an endowment of nearly a half million. At present there are 740 students. The head missionary is Dr. Jessup, highly respected by the college faculty and students. They gave our delegates a great reception, with speeches by President Bliss and several others, con-

cluding with an enjoyable luncheon provided jointly by our ship and the college. The American Consul, G. B. Raynda, showed



Beirut.—View from American College.

us marked attention, and is a gentleman in every sense of the word. My friends, J. B. Dennis, of Traer, Iowa, C. H. Wheelock, of Michigan, and I were especially remembered by him in a most delightful visit.

Although Beirut is not mentioned in the Bible, it must always be of great interest to the Bible student as the door to the Mediterranean from Syria, and to Damascus,



Tyre, Sidon, etc., from the Mediterranean. Here for a long time we feasted our eyes upon Mount Lebanon, which seems to stand guard over the city. Like some giant of tallest stature, its head wearing a crown of eternal snow, it seemed to speak to us, not words of terror, but the welcome "Excelsior! Higher, higher! Mount to the heavens with me." Did we accept the invitation? Read the next chapter and see.

CHAPTER VI

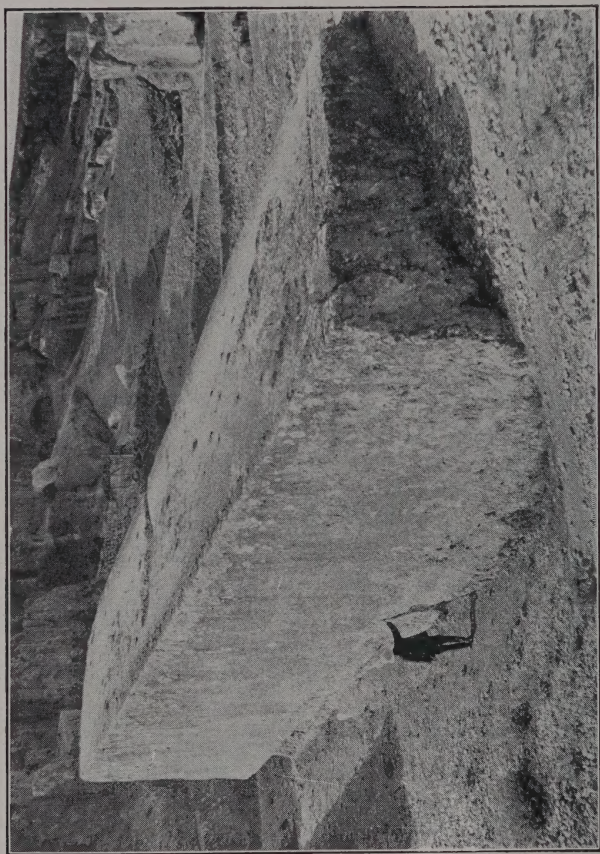
Baalbec and Damascus

YES, we heard the voice of Lebanon, and Tuesday morning at seven o'clock started from Beirut, by railway, for Baalbec. Think of Alp on Alp, mountain on mountain, higher, higher, until you reach a plane of almost a mile above the sea, and you can form some conception of our zigzag trip, drawn by our fiery steed, over the steel track of that railway. We were five hours going from Beirut to Rajak, a distance of forty miles. At Rajak we changed cars for Baalbec, where we arrived at 4:10 P. M. Our party, twenty-one persons, selected Professor McNaughton as our chief, to settle our hotel and car fare bills, and most acceptably did he perform his part. After securing our rooms at the Hotel Palmyra we visited the Temple of Jupiter and then

walked through a delightful avenue of trees to the spring Rasenain. This spring is of noted interest to Baalbec. It rises from many fountains, fed from subterranean deeps, and immediately on reaching the upper regions is a large creek of most beautiful water which goes laughing through the meadow and along the sides of many gardens singing, "I'm free, I'm free!" In our walk we visited a flour mill standing just as it had stood and done its work from time immemorial. It ground the whole wheat. Little wonder the people eating it are so healthy! We compared them, to our disadvantage, with our pale-faced dyspeptic Americans, who insist on having their bread made from the very finest of the wheat. An old mosque and the dwellings of the people were objects of interest second only to the famous spring itself. We next visited the quarry from which the great stones of the temple were taken. "The great stone," famous the world over,

has not been removed, but remains in the quarry, fitted with all the exactness of mathematics for its place in the temple. It measures sixty-nine feet in length by fourteen feet square in width and depth. We stood on its smooth surface, joined hands, and had our pictures taken—twenty in one group.

Returning to our hotel for six o'clock dinner we retired early, and rose the next morning to put in the forenoon viewing the ruins of two temples standing near together, the temples of Jupiter and of the Sun. The latter is by far the larger of the two, but does not excel the former in beauty. Roman and Greek, Arabic and Phœnician art are all in evidence here. The city, once a metropolis of many thousands of people, has now a population of from 2,500 to 5,000. History loses its breath in trying to run back to its beginning. There is a strong tradition that it was founded by Cain, one hundred and thirty-

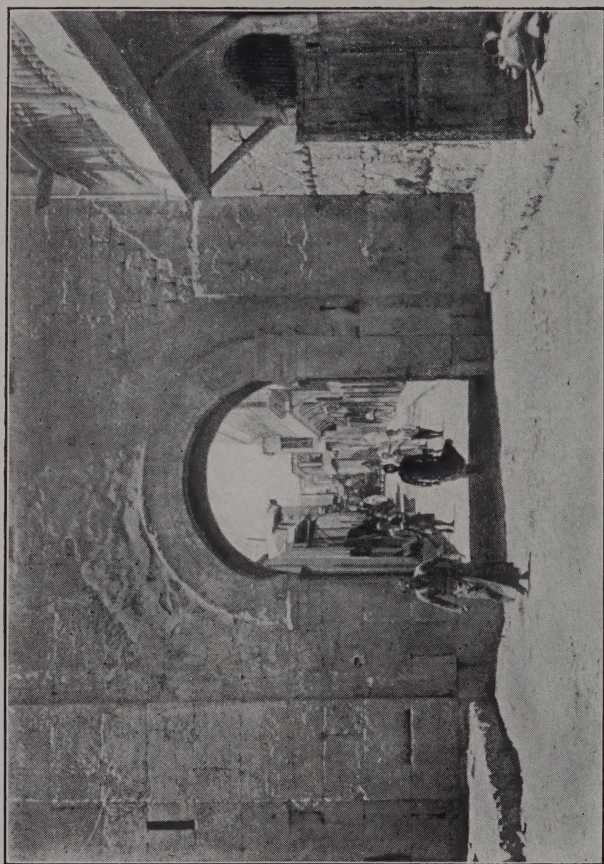


The Great Stone.

three years after the creation; other traditions ascribe its origin to Nimrod, the mighty hunter. There is little doubt that it is the Baalath where Solomon built a castle in honor of the Queen of Sheba, and where he also built a temple to please his concubines after he departed from the worship of God to the worship of Baal. We spent nearly the whole forenoon in these temples listening to our charming guide. Mr. Alouf, who has written the best work extant on Baalbec. His explanations of the marvelous architecture were worth our trip to the place. Six of the fifty-four columns of the Temple of the Sun, as it originally existed, are all that remain to declare its former glory. Independent of bases and capitals they are sixty-four feet high and seven feet in diameter. They are composed of three pieces each, but, so perfect is the workmanship, each seems a solid column. The frescoes, friezes, all the carved work indeed, are marvels of perfection.

One piece in particular, to which Mr. Alouf called our attention as the finest work of art in the world, almost dazzled our eyes with its loveliness. I had read of grapes sculptured so perfectly that the birds would peck at them, but never believed the story; but now I believe it. Here was imitation so complete that the thing that seemed was made real. Going to the outside wall of the Temple of the Sun we saw the eight greatest stones, each sixty-four feet long, thirteen feet wide, thirteen feet deep. Were there giants in science as well as stature when these temples were built? Who can tell?

After leaving Rajak we went many miles through mountain gorges until we reached the source of the Abana, to which Naaman referred in his interview with Elisha, and soon after, nine miles from Damascus, we observed that it had become a river. We learned that at this point a subterranean river comes to the surface and joins the Abana, which rushes on twenty and thirty



Damascus.—Entrance to "The Street which is called Straight."

feet wide until lost in the great marsh about fifteen miles below Damascus. For twenty miles after we began to descend Lebanon we saw fields and pastures with cattle, sheep, and goats; meadows and gardens, and orchards of apples, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, apricots, olives, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, etc., becoming more and more charming until they had their culmination of beauty in Damascus, where we arrived at 4:10 P. M., April 6. We were soon at home in the Grand Hotel D'Orient, the Kaonan Brothers proprietors. And it was a hotel indeed. The rooms, the service, the menu were all that could be desired. We took carriages at once and drove to the street "called Straight" and saw the house of Judas, the first house Paul visited in Damascus and where the scales fell from his eyes when Ananias put his hands upon him. Near this house was the fountain where Paul was baptized. We hurried on to the house where he was let down in a

basket, over the wall, and escaped his enemies who were lying in wait to kill him. Then we drove to the mountain, from which we had a view of Damascus at sunset.

At about the point where we stood the Moslems say Abraham had his first revelation of God; and Mohammed, hearing it, went to the same place. When he came to it he was speechless as he looked down on the beauty and glory of Damascus. They urged him to go into the city, but he refused, saying, "There is only one other Paradise; if I enter this I shall have no desire to enter the other. No; I shall not go into Damascus." And he never entered the city.

Do you wonder that I, too, had thrilling emotions, spending my sixty-first birthday in Baalbec and Damascus, places whose interest is not exceeded by that of any others in the world! I could only return my heart's gratitude to the Giver of all our mercies, He who crowns all our years with his goodness.

April 7 our good conductor, Professor McNaughton, with "Charley" as interpreter, took us to the bazaars and many other points of interest. The Mosque of Amwey is the largest in the city, and one of the most noted in the world, in some respects more so than the Mosque of Saint Sophia in Constantinople. The chapels, altars, columns, and ceilings are magnificent beyond description. The Moslems claim that John the Baptist is buried here. His tomb in the center of the mosque is a shrine of devotion to thousands of pilgrims. Connected with the mosque is the tomb of the great Saladin, quite near which is the crown of the emperors of Germany, presented as a souvenir of his recent visit by the present emperor. Back of the mosque, on a panel of the gateway, is the famous inscription in Greek: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." We also saw the maple tree, called "the tree of the holy

prophet," said to be one thousand three hundred years old. It is of fifty feet girth, over sixteen feet diameter. We saw two homes, the finest in the city, in the Jewish and Christian quarters. That is, the former is said to be the finest in the city not only, but one of the finest in the world. Its interior finish is of exquisite marble adorned with inlaid and mosaic work. Its cost runs into the millions, so great, indeed, that its owner bankrupted himself—no uncommon thing in the Turkish Empire. The home in the Christian quarter was very elegant, but did not equal the other in richness.

In the great Moslem cemetery we saw the tomb of Fatima, Mohammed's daughter; interesting to us because it seemed to bring us near that great prophet whose influence in all this eastern empire is so powerful. The graves in this cemetery, all of them, resemble the sarcophagus in form. All are above ground, giving the whole cemetery a unique and strange appearance

There must be thousands upon thousands of them. It is the same story the world over. Death hath entered into the world and claims dominion everywhere.

Last Sunday was our Easter; next Sunday will be Easter in Damascus. We saw a woman with a bottle suspended under her eyes to catch the falling tears. She might have been a wife grieving for her husband; a mother weeping for a son or daughter. Was it a coincidence that we saw her weeping between these two Easters? If she could only know that there is to be a resurrection morning! Yes, it is coming, coming. Then "all that are in their graves shall hear his voice"—the voice that Lazarus heard calling him back to the loving Mary and Martha—the voice we all shall hear abolishing death and flooding the universe with light and life and immortality!

Friday morning at 8:30 we left Damascus with memories of our delightful visit that must live forever; with mind and heart

thrilled by its traditions, its marvelous history, its enchanting gardens; its continuous authentic records proving it to be the oldest city in the world. I penned the following sentiment: Damascus! Star and Crescent combined; Emerald of Syria; Eden of our first parents; Abraham's mount of vision where he had his first revelation of God; where Paul, too, received the heavenly vision to which, like Abraham, he was not disobedient; where Mohammed got an intenser love for the paradise not of earth; Damascus! May all that is noble, beautiful, and magnificent in thy long history be repeated and more than duplicated in all the coming ages, and all that has been dark, cruel, superstitious, and unworthy of thee be forever forgotten!

CHAPTER VII

For the Sake of Experience

I MAY be pardoned for giving a truthful chronicle of our return trip from Damascus to Beirut. There were twenty-one ladies and gentlemen in our party, and for the sake of the experience we agreed to ride in a third-class car of one compartment. We could all be together, and if one rejoiced all might rejoice with him, and if one suffered all might suffer with him. The railway company gave us, seemingly, the oldest car in the world, appropriate in view of the fact that we were leaving the oldest city in the world. It was the experience we were after, and we certainly got all we paid for. Professor McNaughton had us in charge, assisted by Mr. William Yule, of Saint Louis, Mo. Mr. Yule had the best guidebook in the party, which from its frequent use

became the servant of all. He had joined our ship at Constantinople, with Mrs. Davenport, his mother-in-law, and his ten-year-old son, Edwin. They proved most enjoyable companions, having just returned from several months' touring in India, Egypt, etc., and were to go on with us to Jerusalem and then across Europe and home to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in Saint Louis. Mr. Yule showed me many courtesies I shall never forget.

Referring again to Professor and Mrs. McNaughton, our little company had come to hold them in such regard that, at a ten-minute halt at one of the stations Judge Martin, of Little Rock, Ark., in behalf of the party, presented Professor McNaughton a purse of about thirty dollars. The Professor and his wife will ever hold a warm place in our hearts. Of the other members of our party, missionaries, preachers, bankers, business men, two were from Iowa, two from Illinois, one from Arkansas, one

from Louisiana, two from Massachusetts, two from Smyrna, two from Beirut, one from Kansas, one from Oregon, one from Sidon, Syria, one from Toronto, Canada, one from Sofia, Bulgaria, three from Saint Louis, Mo., one from Ohio, and one from Michigan.

At Rajak we were given a still older car than that which I had thought was the oldest in the world. From there most of the way to Beirut it rained or snowed, but within that old car all the jokes, conundrums and stories ever invented were dispensed as if never repeated before—all original, entirely new, etc. Of those of one who told them in unending continuation some one remarked that they resembled the mountain streams rushing over the cliffs. "Yes," said the wit of the company, "and like those streams, they are yellow with age."

By suggestion of Mrs. Fentress, Professor McNaughton asked two of us to offer

prayers of thanksgiving for our wonderful experience in thus visiting Baalbec and Damascus, for our goodly fellowship, for the marvelous sights we had enjoyed in riding over the mountains of Lebanon, and particularly for our deliverance from harm, as eight Syrians had been killed and twenty injured in the wreck that we passed only a few miles from the station at which we were then halting. The air brake had refused to serve the train and it ran down to the foot of the plane, utterly demolishing two or three cars, and with this frightful loss of life. Of course we all joined in thanks that we, who had gone over the same track three days before had been safe from accident and death. Then we sang "Sweet by and by," "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and "Blest be the tie that binds."

We reached Beirut in safety at five o'clock and were soon again on the ship, to which we have given the name of "Our

home on the sea." All in all, our experience in a third-class car had not only saved us considerable money, for which some of us were glad, but had given us a view of life from the standpoint of the emigrants, the pilgrims, the common people, the poor people. Great is the poverty of the masses in Turkey—the class of which Jesus spoke, saying, "The poor ye have with you always." It isn't the worst education in the world to learn how other people live.

CHAPTER VIII

Carmel, Nazareth, Galilee, Joppa

IMAGINE my feelings when, landing at Haifa, Saturday, April 9, I first saw Mount Carmel; the scene of Elijah's contest with the prophets of Baal, and where his altar of



Mount Carmel.

sacrifice was made a shrine for the centuries by his complete victory over them. Here, too, he offered that memorable prayer which brought the abundant

rain, to the refreshment of the drought-stricken land.

On Sunday, with Mr. Haskell, of Nebraska, and Mr. Nutall, of West Virginia, I walked up the mountain, two and one half miles, to the monastery of the Carmelites, the oldest monastic order in the world. Before the ascent we attended service in the Church of England edifice. Unusual interest attached to it from the fact that the bishop was to preach. He was an old man, seemingly, of feeble health. He read his sermon in a low voice. It was commendable for its elegant use of Bible statements concerning the resurrection. His text was the same that Dr. Potts had used in his sermon on Mars' Hill, the Sunday before Easter: "He preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection." If Dr. Potts had delivered the bishop's sermon it would have been a great one. At the monastery we enjoyed a good luncheon and saw Elijah's cave and chapel; the latter one of the

finest we have seen thus far. The monk who received us treated us most hospitably. The only serious annoyance we experienced in going and coming was from the persistent appeals of the boys for "backsheesh." It is so usual in this country that we do not mind it, as a rule; but to-day there was no let up until we returned to the ship.

The trip to Nazareth and Tiberias, Galilee, and return was by carriages; seventeen and one half miles to Nazareth, six-



Nazareth, from the Road to Cana.

teen and one half farther to Tiberias. Both Nazareth and Galilee are so intimately associated with the life of Jesus that I must refer the reader to the statements in the gospels concerning his connection with them. At Nazareth the angel Gabriel made the announcement to Mary that she was to be the mother of our Saviour; from here she and her husband, Joseph, went to Bethlehem, where Jesus was born; and here after their return from Egypt, Jesus was "brought up" a carpenter. And here, too, after he entered upon his ministry, his own townspeople rejected him and sought to kill him at the Mount of Precipitation. "But he, passing through the midst of them, went his way and came down to Capernaum." "The Fountain of the Virgin," a powerful spring, is the principal object of interest to visitors, as Jesus, Joseph, and Mary must have slaked their thirst here.

By the Kefr Kenna route from Nazareth to Tiberias one passes Cana, where Jesus

performed his first miracle, and the Mount of Beatitudes, where our Lord preached the "Sermon on the Mount." Near this place



Tiberias.

the great Saladin, July 3, 1187, defeated the Crusaders, and the splendid army of Knights Templars were slain or taken prisoners.

The Sea of Galilee, about twelve miles long and four miles wide, is so full of thrilling incidents in the life of Jesus that I dare not begin to narrate them and will refer the reader to the Bible story.

"O Galilee, blue Galilee,
Thy waves bring back his voice to me,
Like golden chimes on silver sea,
O Galilee, blue Galilee!"

A whole book could be written of what we saw and thought at Nazareth, Galilee, and Samaria, where so much of our Saviour's ministry was spent, but we must on to Jerusalem. Leaving Haifa at an early hour Monday morning, April 11, we dropped anchor off Joppa at ten o'clock, where we hoped to go on shore after the 11:30 luncheon. But the waves were turbulent, and our good captain takes no chances where human lives are in the problem. We were safe in the ship, and Joppa—before our eyes—could get along without us. Our special train to Jerusalem could wait, and we would have plenty of time to write up our journals and letters to friends at home. The landing at Joppa has a record for being a bad one, and when one is in the so-called harbor of Joppa, and the waves between ship and shore conduct themselves as if they had no respect for small boats, no reverence for pilgrims to World's Sunday School Conventions, all said boats can do

is not to push out from shore and all said pilgrims can do is to "let patience have her perfect work!"

The first death among our eight hundred and eleven delegates occurred on Sunday morning. A Mrs. Brown, of Marshalltown, Ia., sixty-one years of age, an estimable Christian, expired suddenly from heart failure. Her husband, greatly stricken with the bereavement, told me her death was not unexpected, as she had been afflicted with heart trouble for twenty years. It was beautiful to witness the expressions of sympathy from all the ship's company, passengers and crew.

The wrestling waves finally tired themselves to sleep and the sea became calm as when Jesus spoke to angry Galilee and said, "Peace, be still." Only two or three points of interest in Joppa delayed us, as we were all anxious to reach Jerusalem. The first was the traditional house of Simon, the tanner, where Peter had that remarkable

vision showing him that God had forever, in Christ, removed the wall of separation between Jew and Gentile; the fact also that here he raised Dorcas to life after coming from Lydda, where he healed Eneas, the paralytic; and from here Jonah sailed for Tarshish, on that memorable voyage.

CHAPTER IX

From Joppa to Jerusalem

THE railway and carriage routes from Joppa to Jerusalem are both very interesting. The distance by carriage road is forty-four miles, by railway, fifty-four



On the Road to Jerusalem.

miles. By the former the first object of beauty is the Vale of Sharon with its roses, which bring to mind the Rose of Sharon

whose fragrance fills all the world for all time; then the place where John the Baptist was born; that city of Juda where Zacharias and Elisabeth resided and where Mary, the mother of our Lord, visited Elisabeth, who extended that prophetic salutation; Gezer, the ancient capital of the Canaanites, standing on the site of at least six buried cities, as the excavations of the Palestine Exploration Fund have revealed. Then, lastly, six miles from Jerusalem, is delightful Emmaus, to which the two disciples were journeying, after the resurrection and burial of Jesus, when he joined them in their walk and discoursed so wonderfully that, when he suddenly vanished from their sight, having been made known to them in the breaking of bread, they exclaimed: "Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

In the route by railway the first object of note after leaving Joppa—with its ever-to-

be-dreaded landing and its traditions of Peter and Jonah—were the far-famed orange groves, the most noted in the world. The fruit is said to excel that of any other groves. Then we skirted the Vale of Sharon, and Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still; passed the fields where the mischievous Samson destroyed the ripe wheat of the Philistines by turning the foxes loose with firebrands tied to their tails; picked up some small stones from the brook near which David killed the giant Goliath, and, best of all, saw the place where Samuel set up the stone "Ebenezer" in gratitude for divine interposition and deliverances. As if by one impulse we all sang:

" Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home."

Surely "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord." Had he not given us safe

voyage over thousands of miles of trackless seas? and no accident had come to one of our more than eight hundred souls.

Our guide pointed to the hill where Samson was born, but we learn that many other places contend for the honor of having been his birthplace. It is the tribute which the world pays to phenomenal personality. Seven cities contested stoutly for the fame of having been Homer's native place. Such is the weakness of mankind—a weakness seen in every age of the world. With all our boasted progress we, too, are falling into the procession which has kept its steady stream through all the centuries. Our Washington, Lincoln, Grant, McKinley, will more and more command the homage of men.

CHAPTER X

Jerusalem

AT 12:30 o'clock on Tuesday, April 12, our train stopped at the Jerusalem station. With what a thrill one realizes that he is in "the city of the great King"! It has filled so large and conspicuous a place in history, and not alone the historian, but the orator, the poet, and the artist have vied with each other in portraying the glories of Jerusalem. Our minds recall its kings and mighty men, its long chronicle of events—chief of all, at Bethlehem, six miles from it, Jesus was born; and here was Calvary, where he gave his life, a "propitiation for the sins of the whole world." And here, too, is Mount Olivet, from whose sky-kissed summit he rose to heaven, leaving to us all the sweetest of all farewells: "I will come again." Have our loved ones passed away, and we

see them no more, and our eyes throb with pain we cannot assuage, as we vainly look for them? They, too, will come again. His parting message is their message to us, by the wireless telegraphy of love: "We will come again." "The touch of the vanished hand" will be the clasp unbroken, unending!

"O, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Weep not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In that land of cloudless day."

Before leaving home for my trip to the Holy Land I received a letter of introduction to the "American Colony" from Professor Goodrich, of the Chair of Greek in Albion College, who had been in Jerusalem twelve years ago. His letter carried weight of influence with it; for when I called on the colony, just outside the city walls, immediately after the noon luncheon, one of their number, a young Mr. Baldwin, gave up the afternoon to my service. We

first went to their home inside the city walls.

Here I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Jacob Eliahu, a leading man among them, whom I had known during my pastorate at Albion, Mich. Going to the United States on business, he came to Professor Goodrich for advice, and was his guest for several days. The advice of Mr. E. N. Parsons and of Professor Goodrich proved satisfactory and led to complete success. Mr. Eliahu is an authority on Jerusalem matters, an intelligent Christian, and in great demand as a guide. It was on his invitation that Mr. Morris and I dined at their house, as narrated in Chapter XIII. He spoke of the rapid fulfillment of Jeremiah xxxi, 31-40. Jerusalem is to become more and more attractive, and the period of her desolations has come to an end. "It shall not be plucked up nor thrown down any more forever." "Mount Zion shall yet be the joy of the whole earth."

I was received with great cordiality, and treated to cake and a cup of tea, the hospitality they extend to all who call on them. Then I was conducted to the top of the house, from which a fine view of Jerusalem can be had. This is the highest dwelling house in the city. From it I selected the places for Mr. Baldwin to show me. It would be useless for me to attempt a description of them, and my readers must not ask me to undertake the impossible.

As we sallied forth that which impressed me was the cosmopolitan character of the people I met. Jews, Arabs, English, French, Scotch, and Americans were to be seen, and twice as many other nationalities were represented. The Jewish pass-over and the Easter celebrations were scarcely ended, and thousands upon thousands of Jews and Russians thronged the city. When we visited the Church of the Holy Sepulcher I could not fail to be impressed with the devotion of the Russians

to the shrines commemorative of the Christ. They are members of the Greek Church, and I saw scores, even hundreds, of them prostrate themselves before the marble Altar of Anointment, where the body of Jesus was anointed for burial. They kissed it again and again with a lover's devotion; and so, too, the places where the true cross was found, where it stood when Christ was crucified, and at the sepulcher where they claim he was buried. There were more men than women, but both sexes seemed to vie in paying homage to the cross, to the Virgin Mary's statue, and to the tomb of our Saviour. It was noticeable that the statue of the Virgin Mary was literally covered with costliest jewels; rings, brooches, bracelets studded with diamonds and other most precious stones, gifts of kings, queens, and nobility of all lands were in every spot that could be utilized. All the fingers of the hands were loaded with costly rings, even to their ends. In the

glass inclosure of this piece of statuary there was a heart of considerable size, which was one of the finest pieces of art I have ever seen. It is hazardous to estimate the value of all these gifts, but they represent fabulous sums, millions of dollars, I doubt not. I found here the sublime and ridiculous in most convenient juxtaposition. For example, here was the very spot from which the earth was taken out of which Adam was created, and just a few yards away was his tomb. Here was the very spot where the crucifixion occurred, the brass hole wherein the cross was placed marking the center of the earth; and, in the cellar of the church, the shrine where Helena, mother of Constantine, discovered in a vision the true cross. Everything is here. The cross on which Jesus was crucified, the marble slab on which he was anointed, the sepulcher in which he was buried, the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, etc., etc.; the strangest thing of all is the credulity of

thousands upon thousands who accept all these claims with the utmost sincerity.

My own opinion is that Gordon's Calvary, outside the present city walls, is the place where Jesus was crucified. It is inclosed and under Moslem control, which does not allow visitors to enter it; but its conformation is easily seen from the tops of the houses adjacent. I am satisfied that the Pool of Bethesda is the place where Jesus quickly healed the impotent man who had waited years for healing. All the surroundings show the genuineness of the Bible narrative recorded in the fifth chapter of the gospel by John. The tower of Antonia, where Paul addressed the rabble, and Pilate's judgment hall are well authenticated. The grotto of Veronica, who is represented as wiping the blood from our Lord's face, caused by the thorns which pierced his brow, is visited by thousands. The scene appears realistic in the extreme, and whether or not the Via Dolorosa—the

Way of Sorrow—is the street through which Jesus bore his cross toward Calvary until he fell from exhaustion, it all seemed real to me, and I could well be glad that the sweet Veronica so pitied him that she wiped the blood from his sad, sad face.

CHAPTER XI

Jerusalem, Jericho, Jordan, and the Dead Sea

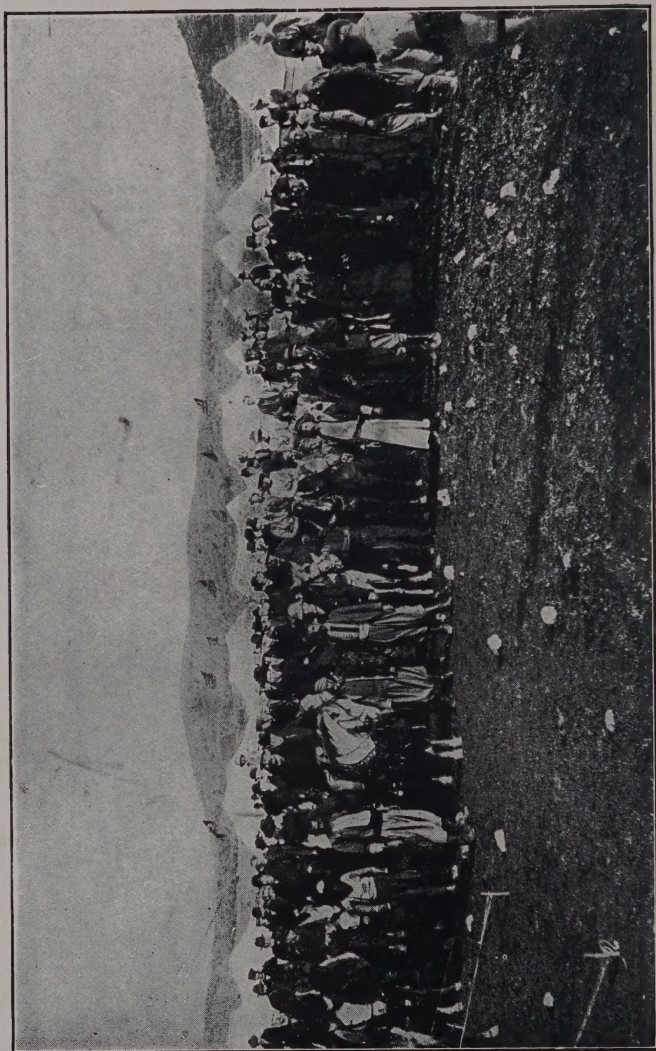
THE day after my arrival in Jerusalem I made the trip to Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the River Jordan, and returned on Thursday, April 14. The distance is twenty miles. It seems much longer, though the macadamized road is very good, having been built at great expense by the Turkish government. "Going down to Jericho" is a most appropriate expression, for the entire route is a continuous descent until the Dead Sea is reached, thirteen hundred feet below the level of the sea. I confess to some nervousness, as our carriage, drawn by three horses, would swing perilously near the precipitous cliffs below the roadway. To add to my trepidation, the drivers are proverbially careless, and often give free vent to their propensity for driving past the teams ahead of them.

At about half the distance from Jerusalem we stopped to rest the horses at the Inn of the Good Samaritan, where many curios were purchased. The old inn bears every mark of being on the site of the hostelry to which a kind-hearted Samaritan would have carried a man who had been robbed and wounded and left half dead by the thieves. We also passed the Apostles' Fountain, said to have been the stopping place of the apostles in their journeyings that way. We all left our carriages to view the retreat where Elijah was fed by ravens. The monks have a monastery near it. Coming near Jericho we had to leave the carriages and walk down the long, steep hill, so steep, and filled with stones withal, that riding was torture to the passengers as well as to the horses.

Before stopping at the hotels for lunch we were driven to Elisha's Fountain. Its sweet waters reminded us of the waters to which we Americans had been accustomed.

We did not need to tax our imaginations to confirm the Bible statement that these "waters were sweetened unto this day." Not in any other place in Palestine have we found such water. It is an ample stream, furnishing water to run the mill a little way from the fountain, and enough left to slake the thirst of the thousands who visit it. Near it are remains of the old walls of Jericho, and beyond is the Mount of Temptation, where our Lord was tempted of the devil forty days. It seemed so near! we could see the caves in its sides and look up into the sky which the "exceedingly high mountain" seemed to touch.

After dinner we drove to the Dead Sea and then returned to the Jordan on the way to our hotel. The heat was almost intolerable; the mercury would easily have registered 150 degrees. All the approaches to the Dead Sea and the sea itself indicated to every visitor that this must be the site of those doomed cities, Sodom and



Samaria Camping Party.

Gomorrhah. I tasted the waters of the sea, and washed my hands, but did not care to swim in it—a temptation some of our party could not resist, even those advanced in years; but all who did so were “salted with salt” and had to undress again for a bath in the Jordan to get rid of the slime with which their bodies were covered.

The Jordan at the place we visited was about seventy-five feet wide and ten feet deep, having a strong current. Many filled empty bottles with its water to show to their friends, and others to use for baptismal purposes. The guide told us it was here the children of Israel crossed into Palestine; here Elijah and Elisha crossed over before the former’s ascension in a chariot of fire, and the latter recrossed after seeing his chief pass into heaven. The guide also said it was here that John the Baptist officiated at the baptism of multitudes, but evidently such could not have been the case.

Across the Jordan was the land of Moab, the mountains of Moab, Mount Nebo, and still higher, Mount Pisgah, where Moses stood and looked over into the land of promise which he was not allowed to enter. Somewhere in these mountains God buried him in a sepulcher which "no man knoweth unto this day."

We arrived at Jerusalem in good time for our noon lunch. Not one of us regretted we had taken the trip. On our return we stopped at Bethany, saw the site of the house of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, and the grave from which Jesus called Lazarus back to life again. What associations came to mind as we trod those paths the feet of Jesus so often had trodden, and stood on the site of the house where he had again and again received such loving entertainment. Bethany, like Galilee, will ever be dear to the hearts of those who love the places hallowed by the visits of our Lord.

CHAPTER XII.

Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Hebron

THE ride of twenty miles from Jerusalem to Hebron can be made in a day, with easy return. The roadway is good and there are no steep hills such as make the Jordan trip difficult. On the way out, not far from Bethlehem, we passed Rachel's Tomb, a well-preserved memorial of the centuries remote when Jacob loved Rachel and she became his wife, and here, near Bethlehem, in giving birth to Benjamin, she died, and was buried in the very spot of ground where this beautiful tomb is built to mark her last resting place. Not many miles farther we came to the Pools of Solomon; the first one, 380 feet long, 226 feet wide, 25 feet deep; second one, 423 feet long, 230 feet wide, 39 feet deep; the third, or lower one, 582 feet long, 207 feet wide, 50 feet

deep. In Solomon's time they were filled with water, and through aqueducts supplied the water for the great temple and all the sacred buildings on Mount Zion. Now the upper one is used as a garden; the second and third have a little water in them, but not much.

Still onward, toward Hebron, we came to the spring of Philip, where he baptized the eunuch. It is a small running fountain. We saw the women washing their clothes in the trough which the fountain supplies. Before reaching Hebron we passed through the valley of Eshcol, where the vineyards gave promise that their reputation for fine grapes would be fully sustained this year. We thought of the spies who returned from their survey bringing some of the clusters of grapes from the vineyards of Eshcol.

We arrived at Hebron about noon, and went immediately to the place where Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, and Jacob and Leah were buried. Abra-

ham's oak is still said to stand here, but as it was over three thousand five hundred years ago that he sat under it one cannot believe it to exist in Hebron now. The town is populous and dirty, has no enterprise, and is just as sleepy as if filled with Rip Van Winkles. When I wished to mail a letter I was sleepily informed there was not a post office in the town. The oldest city in Palestine is only a mockery of its past when the father of the Hebrew nation resided there. David was king there for seven and a half years, and there much of Israel's fame had its origin. Our greatest interest in this trip, however, was reserved for our stop at Bethlehem. Here we saw the place, the very hostelry, where Jesus was born, and as there was no room in the inn to receive his parents he was cradled in a manger. We looked on the fields where the shepherds watched their flocks by night, and where they listened to the chorus of the angelic host saying, "Glory

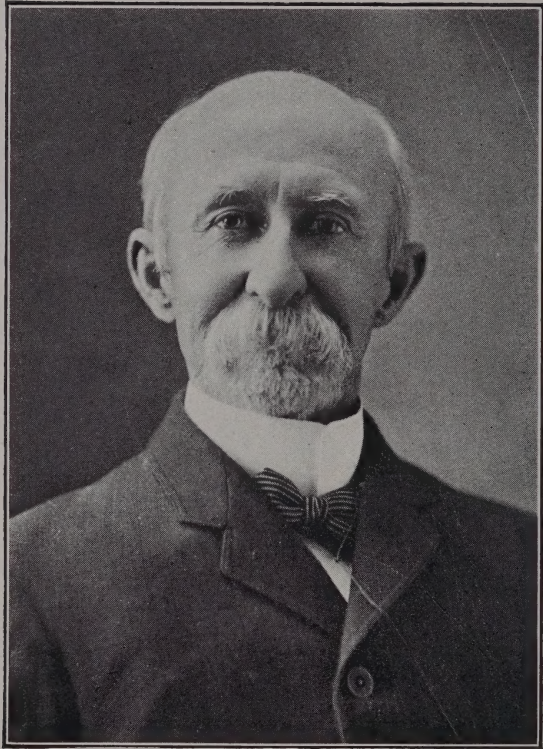
to God in the highest, on earth peace to men of good will." Did earth ever before hear music like that? At the creation the morning stars sang together because it was so great a thing to create a world. But it was far greater to redeem a world—hence the universal jubilation.

"Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King!"

At Bethlehem, too, we saw the field of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers, and here too was the well known as David's Well, whose water he so longed for in the battle, and, like his kingly self, refused to drink it, throwing it upon the ground, because the men who brought it to him had gotten it at "the peril of their lives." And here I will say that we who had the privilege of seeing Jericho and the Jordan, Hebron and Bethlehem, gained this pleasure "at the peril of our lives." Never had I more really taken my life in my hands than when I took my seat in the carriage for the Jericho trip and

the Hebron trip. On the day we returned from Hebron one carriage of Cook's party in our procession, went over an embankment, its four occupants, two gentlemen and two ladies, its driver and his three horses, all together in a complete collapse. One of the gentlemen was severely hurt with face and head cuts. The carriage was completely wrecked, and how any of the party escaped without broken bones is a mystery. Unless some of the reckless drivers can be banished from these routes, tourists will hesitate a long time before running the risk. Before I made either trip it was said to me, I should be glad to go, but a "mighty sight more thankful to get back alive." Of course I had not the slightest intimation that the reckless drivers were the principal source of danger. On my return from Hebron to Jerusalem I told Mr. Clark, our manager, of the accident to the Cook party. "We, too, had bad luck with our Jericho trip," was his reply. "One

of our carriages went over an embankment ten feet, horses, driver, and four occupants of the carriage. One of the gentlemen was badly hurt; his scalp and his face badly cut." I saw my friend Dennis, of Iowa, next day and jokingly said to him, "Then you had a tip-over on your Jericho trip yesterday." "Yes," was his reply, "I was the first man on deck and helped pull the others out of the wreck, and here's a piece of the carriage I've saved for a souvenir."



Josiah Morris.

CHAPTER XIII

Josiah Morris, my Quaker Friend

ONE of the chief pleasures of an ocean voyage is the formation of friendships, true, beautiful, and lasting.

About a fortnight after the *Grosser Kurfürst* sailed from New York I was invited to serve on a committee to prepare a testimonial to Hon. E. K. Warren, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention. It was decided to present an autograph album to contain the names of the delegates, and the suggestion was made that the menu cards, with their beautiful designs, be used for the autographs, that these very artistic cards be bound in a cover of olive wood, tastefully and richly designed, and that the work be done in Jerusalem regardless of expense. As Mr. Warren should be kept in profound

ignorance, we decided to ask the delegations of the States and provinces of the United States and Canada to aid us in securing the names of their members. It fell to me to explain the matter to the different delegations.

When I met the Indiana delegation its chairman proved to be Josiah Morris, of Rockville, Ind. Small in stature and physique, his personality readily distinguished him as a leader. As I stated the case he quickly and pleasantly replied, with the hearty concurrence of the delegates, that they would be pleased to join in this testimonial to Mr. Warren. In every possible way he assisted me in securing the signatures of all the delegates from Indiana. From that time our acquaintance ripened into friendship which I am sure will last through eternity. We were together in our unique trip to Corinth; in the trips to Jerusalem and much of the time spent in Jerusalem.

The day following our Hebron trip, through the courtesy of "Jacob," of the American Colony, I was invited to bring my friend Morris to dinner—noon—at their house, not far from the Damascus Gate. Here we met the "Americans," as they call themselves, under their own roof, at their own table. The simple grace they sang at the meal impressed me greatly. I copy it here:

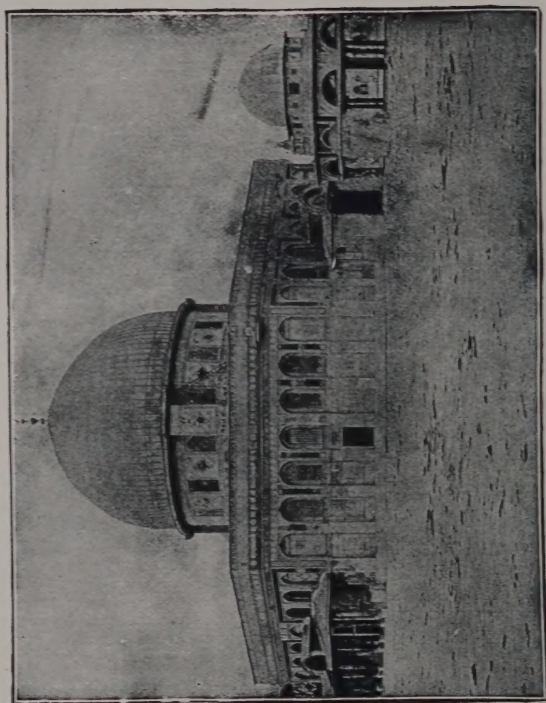
"God is great and God is good,
And we thank him for this food;
By his hand must all be fed;
Give us, Lord, our daily bread."

Mrs. Vester, whose husband is in charge of the store, presided at the dinner and succeeded in making her guests at home at once. She is the daughter of H. G. Spafford, deceased. He was the author of the well-known hymn, "It is Well with My Soul." His widow, I take it, is the virtual head of the colony in the city, though we were informed that they have no organization, and

do not acknowledge anyone as their leader excepting Jesus Christ.

We inquired what they did in case of immorality or insubordination in the colony. They said they labored with the offender as directed in Matt. xviii, 15-17, and thus far had maintained perfect discipline, and they believed that this practical exemplification of the teachings of Jesus was having great influence in Jerusalem in commending Christianity to the people. Both Mr. Morris and myself were impressed with their sincerity, and that they were aiming to be "epistles indeed, read and known of all men."

In one respect at least they are a magnificent contrast to the custom so prevalent in Jerusalem of "backsheesh" for all service rendered. For the courtesy shown us they positively refused to accept financial remuneration. Mr. William H. Rudy gave us the whole afternoon, guiding us to the Mosque of Omar, to Solomon's stables and



Mosque of Omar.

quarries, the Pool of Bethesda, and elsewhere, and would not accept a penny.

The Mosque of Omar is magnificence in the highest sense of that word. There was the very rock on which Abraham laid Isaac when he was about to slay him in sacrifice. From it Mohammed is believed by the Moslems to have ascended to heaven. Here we saw the Mohammedans at worship, a most interesting spectacle. They stood in a long row, and on signal from their leader would prostrate themselves to the ground, going through this service again and again, with a precision that was military in its exactness. When bowed together they resembled windrows of devotees, and while we pitied them for their slavish adherence to the forms of religious worship we admired them for their fidelity to conviction.

My Quaker friend seemed impressed with all he saw, and was constantly watching for something to illustrate Scripture passages—with which he was so familiar, as to fill me

with amazement. He seemed able to quote more Bible than any other person I ever met. I had simply to begin a verse in the Bible and he would repeat the verse to the end of the chapter. It was through his habit of watching for everything that would throw light on the Scriptures that I witnessed an illustration of Luke vi, 38: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." A grain merchant was selling some barley to a woman who waited with sack open to receive it from the measure he was filling for her. The measure resembled one of our peck measures. First, with his hands he scooped in the barley to the top, then shook it, then put in more barley, pressing it down, putting in more, again pressing it down, adding more, until the top of the measure resembled a cone or pyramid

Then he struck out a hollow in the cone and filled it once more to the apex, and when the measure would not hold another kernel, he poured its contents into the sack, his face wearing the appearance of benignity and cheerfulness, and hers the utmost pleasure at his generosity. He might have thrown the grain in loosely, he might have used the straight edge and thus reduced the quantity, and the trade would have been called "a fair deal." But no; with great generous-heartedness he gave a practical illustration of our Lord's instructions, good for all men, for all time, everywhere.

The world should have done with the phrases "business is business;" "no friendship in trade." For evermore it will be true that "the liberal soul shall be made fat," and all the blessings of heaven and earth shall be the heritage of the generous man.

CHAPTER XIV

The Donkeys of Jerusalem

IF it seems strange that I should descend from the sublime to the ridiculous it will be borne in mind that such is life, not only in Jerusalem, but everywhere. We must not alone laugh at the donkey, we must admire him. With ears out of all proportion to his body, and belly in plethoric contrast to his slender legs, he is, nevertheless, the funniest, most useful creature in Palestine. In Jerusalem he appears the most numerous and consequential of all its inhabitants. He is the street railway company of Jerusalem. There he is concentrated. There he is distributed. Must you be carried around the walls of Jerusalem—about three miles? There he is at your service. Are your spirits morbid and glum, so you cannot think of a thing to excite the risibilities of

your heavy humor into a high state of laughability? At once the donkey becomes your comedian. In a moment least expected, in season and out of season, it occurs to him to bray. Not until I visited Palestine, particularly Jerusalem, did I have proper conception of the donkey's bray. You may be on his back, or standing near him, or seated in the congregation at church—in a moment you would least think of such an occurrence he commences the performance which throughout the world is known as a bray. Putting his feet in a position to preserve his equilibrium, he begins to fill his small body with air until it is distended out of all proportion, the process accompanied with a distressing asthmatic wheeze, and as it proceeds the sound becomes louder, even painful, and you begin to feel a sense of pity and sorrow for the poor donkey's pain; but the pain was not real, it was only apparent. He was not suffering. He was in the happy stage

of showing you that in all the world another equally laughable performance cannot occur. More and more does the wheezing go on—more and more do his long ears droop as if he were struck with the pain of physical dissolution, and then suddenly the wheeze becomes a blare, like the sound of a thousand trumpets, and the blare metamorphoses into a bray, the drooping ears are elevated to their proper place, the distressed nostrils regain their normal placidity, and with a twinkle in his eyes, more human than otherwise, the donkey seems to say to you: “Did you ever before hear the equal of that?”

Miss Ackerman, an exceedingly bright lecturer on the ship, who had been around the world six times, tells her experience with the donkey in Jerusalem. A gentleman from the South, with legs longer than the average, invited her to a donkey ride around the walls of the city. He engaged a large donkey for her, and for himself one

of the smallest he could select. After they were started she observed that his feet were on the ground much of the time and presently his donkey, relieved of his load of Southern masculinity, innocently went off, leaving him the delightful exercise of walking. "Wait! wait!" he cried. "Stop my horse! He's left me! Don't go without me." It was too much for one with her acute sense of the ludicrous, and as she took in the whole scope of the picture—that distressed man trying to overtake the donkey, and the animal, the very personification of innocence and guilelessness—she laughed and laughed and laughed again, declaring to herself that never before in her tours around the world had she seen an episode like that!

Josh Billings said: "The mule is the only bird I know of that has its wings on the side of its head." But what can be said of the donkey that does not suggest that this little creature was born to be more than a burden-

bearer, more than the most useful of animals; in short, to represent all that is absurd and comical in human nature and besides to picture to us the judge whose reputation depends on his ability to look wise, and to transform the tedious routine of burden-bearing into a constant opportunity to get the funniest, most comical things into one's experience however much of drudgery may enter into our appointed lot? O ye donkeys of Jerusalem, go on, in the round of your earthly existence, teaching us the grand lesson that from our every burden we can extract solace, and that all the disappointments and bitternesses of life may be made to glow with the radiance and sparkle of sweet, glad sunshine and blessing!

CHAPTER XV

My Sunday in Jerusalem

THE Sabbath of the Bible, with the true interpretation of it, given by Jesus in the words "The Sabbath was made for man," is the greatest boon ever conferred on mankind. It would be sad indeed for the world were there not this day of rest and sacred influence which we call the holy Sabbath.

"Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest."

I was glad, therefore, when they said to me on that Sabbath morning, April 17, 1904, "Let us go up unto the house of the Lord." The services were held in the great tent which Mr. Clark, our manager, had put up but a little distance from Gordon's Calvary. It was filled with an expectant congregation who had convened to listen to the preacher of the morning, Rev. Dr. William Sinclair,

Archdeacon of London. His sermon was most carefully prepared and gave great satisfaction. It was appropriate, Scriptural, and full of historical information. The preacher scarcely looked at his manuscript during the discourse. I think he showed good judgment in having the written manuscript in his hands for such an important occasion. Though I do not use the written sermon in preaching, and recall the names of some great preachers who preach *memoriter*, without a scrap of paper before them, that is not to be taken seriously to their credit, for such preaching is, after all, parrot like, and I may be pardoned for calling it very slavish. The whole sermon must necessarily be completed before it is spoken, and does not permit the free play of thought and fancy necessary to the highest effect when the speaker is supposed to catch inspiration from his audience and from the occasion. It seems to me more frank and manly in the preacher to take his congrega-

tion into his confidence, and unhesitatingly say to them: "I have prepared this sermon with great care. I have it here completely written. I may read all of it or portions of it, and I want you to listen; for I bring you a message worth your hearing." Dr. Sinclair had such a message, and it did not take long for his congregation to understand that fact.

At four o'clock P. M. there was a celebration of the Lord's Supper, in which nearly one thousand persons united. Rev. Dr. John Potts was in charge, assisted by twenty-five pastors of whom I felt honored to be one. Before the bread and wine were distributed Rev. Dr. Monroe Gibson, of London, gave an address which, for appropriateness and impressiveness, I have never heard excelled; using the objects all about us to illustrate his address. He conducted us as in a panorama from the upper pool of Gihon to the lower one, thence past the "Hill of Evil Counsel," where Judas

planned the betrayal of his Lord; down the Valley of Hinnom, through Gehenna and Tophet to Joab's Well, at the conjunction of the Valley of Hinnom with the Valley of Jehoshaphat; then up the Brook Kidron to the Pool of Siloam, then to Gethsemane and at last to Calvary. In this brief survey he pictured how sin had led humanity down and down, from one stage of degradation to another, until man was a complete ruin, with no health or soundness in his moral nature. When he could descend no lower, when he was without God and without hope in the world, Calvary, with its bleeding victim, gave deliverance perfect and universal; for he died for all, "to save to the uttermost all who should come unto God by him."

"Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power;
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more."

Sunday evening there was a great congregation to listen to addresses from the

Bishop of Jerusalem, the United States Consul, Dr. John Potts, Rev. Mr. Brooks, pastor of St. Stephen's Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, and others. It was a very enthusiastic meeting. The speeches most worthy of mention were those of the consul, Dr. Potts, and Rev. Mr. Brooks. Dr. Potts spoke on what the Church through its Sunday schools is doing for childhood, and he was very entertaining. When it came Mr. Brooks's turn he gracefully referred to the honor put upon the colored people by giving him a place among the speakers of the evening, particularly as so many of his white brethren were far more able than he. He then struck the keynote of the convention by saying that the only thing that would elevate his race and give it its true place among the races of the world was righteousness; the black man only deserved the reward of right doing, right living—in short, righteousness.

His address carried the audience to a high

pitch of excitement, and all fairly went wild in the applause. Three women in the seat in front of mine were thrown into hysteria, and my Quaker friend, Morris, clapped his hands in an effervescence of enthusiasm. I said to him, "What's the matter?" "Matter enough," he said; "he's beat Potts." He seemed to think that was the greatest glory Brooks could have won. Well, blessings on my Indiana friend! He takes the part of the under dog in the fight, and when he saw Brooks, whom he had befriended ever since our ship left New York, capturing the greatest applause of that meeting, even "beating Potts," as he affirmed, he was actually beside himself with joy.

The World's Fourth Sunday School Convention, beginning Sunday, April 17, continued during the eighteenth and nineteenth. It was replete with interest. For the full report I refer my readers to the "Official Report of the Cruise," which is to contain stenographic reports of all the lectures,

sermons, addresses, etc., including the convention, from the time we left New York, March 8, until our return, May 19. The Sunday school "idea" was made very prominent, not only during the great convention, but in the sessions of the Sunday school during the cruise. I give here the statistics of the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention, Jerusalem, April 17, 18, 19, 1904:

ENROLLMENT

United States.....	701
Jerusalem.....	377
England.....	206
Palestine.....	72
Canada.....	63
Scotland.....	31
Turkey in Asia.....	19
Ireland.....	11
Japan.....	6
Wales, 5; India, 5; Mexico, 5.....	15
Bulgaria, 3; Egypt, 3; Russia, 1.....	7
Switzerland, 3; Denmark, 2.....	5
Turkey in Europe.....	3
Australia, 2; West Indies, 2.....	4
Austria, 1; Germany, 1; Madeira, 1.....	3
Newfoundland.....	1
South Africa.....	1
New Zealand.....	1

Total..... 1,526
 Countries represented, twenty-five (25).

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DENOMINATION

Church of England.....	231
Presbyterian.....	199
Other Presbyterian bodies.....	22
Baptists.....	178
Other Baptist bodies.....	10
Congregational.....	177
Methodist Episcopal.....	174
Other Methodist bodies.....	60
Greek Orthodox.....	43
Lutheran.....	32
Friends.....	28
Thirty-four other bodies.....	175
Not mentioned.....	197
Total.....	1,526

CLASSIFICATION

Pastors.....	157
Superintendents.....	179
Teachers.....	379
Missionaries.....	31
Not specified.....	780
Total.....	1,526

MILES TRAVELED

United States.....701, average 16,000 =	11,216,000
England.....206, " 6,000 =	1,236,000
Others.....157, " 11,000 =	1,727,000
Total.....	14,179,000

DAYS IN JERUSALEM

United States.....701, average 9 =	6,309
England.....206, " 7 =	1,442
Others.....157, " 9 =	1,413
Total.....	9,164

MY SUNDAY IN JERUSALEM 165

SUGGESTED PLACE

for the World's Fifth Convention: 814 votes for 77 places
in 26 countries.

Toronto.....	133
Chicago.....	84
Rome.....	77
Washington, D. C.....	74
London.....	52
San Francisco.....	49
New York city.....	36
Melbourne.....	23
Japan.....	22
Los Angeles.....	20
Boston.....	19
Edinburgh.....	16
Vancouver.....	15
Other places.....	194
Total.....	814

CHAPTER XVI

Walking About Zion

THE day before I left Jerusalem I went over the route described by Dr. Gibson in his sacramental address. Meeting my table companion at the Notre Dame, Mr. Spryer, of Pittsburg, accompanied by an intelligent guide, I asked if it would be an intrusion for me to join him, and he seemed glad that I asked the favor. Commencing at lower Gihon we went substantially over all the physical ground described by Dr. Gibson. I had no idea it would be so interesting nor did I dream it would be so far. The walk was fully seven miles. I will not speak descriptively of the places seen in this stroll, though I must say that the Valley of Hinnom is suggestive of those dark events recorded in the New Testament. There was Judas on the hillside counseling to

betray Jesus; there was the place where stood the tree from whose limbs he hung himself; below that was Aceldama, or the Field of Blood; there was unquestionably the very Pool of Siloam where the blind man washed and was cured of his blindness. We passed the tombs of Hezekiah and Absalom, and then Gethsemane, whose tragedy of mental suffering and sorrow has never been paralleled. I could hear the heartrending words, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, thy will, not mine, be done." And then he went the Way of Sorrow, carrying the load of the world's sin, was nailed to the accursed tree, and on the cross of Calvary poured out his life's blood for you and me and for all mankind.

As I had previously visited Calvary from Gethsemane, we went up to the top of the Mount of Olives, stopping first to see the shrine where there are thirty-two translations of our Lord's Prayer, and as I viewed

each and all of these translations I could well understand why it was named "the universal prayer." At last we came to the place from which tradition says Jesus ascended. Whether so or not, I could well invest the spot with all the accompaniments of that glorious event. I could see the look of triumph on his face as he rose from that mountain height to the higher summits of that glory land to which he has promised to bring us at last, that we may be with him and behold his glory forever!

Tuesday morning, April 19, before leaving the city I walked the Emmaus road with my friend Morris, and our hearts, too, burned within us as the risen, glorified, and ever-present Jesus talked with us by the way and opened unto us the Scriptures. We had new meanings of the life, the sufferings, the death, resurrection, ascension, and character of our Saviour since visiting the places made forever sacred by his presence, his

teachings, and, best of all, his death on the cross for the sins of the world.

“In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o’er the wrecks of time;
All the light of ancient story
Gathers round its head sublime.”

CHAPTER XVII

"Living Water"

I CANNOT bid adieu to Jerusalem without devoting a chapter to the subject of the "living water." In my judgment it is the supreme question, so far as the future welfare of the city is concerned. Water, good, pure, healthful water, is the one crying need of Jerusalem. At the dining tables and the drinking fountains the visitor repeatedly exclaims, "I would be willing to give a fortune for a drink of good water." But that wish is never gratified. The so-called imported water, whose enchantment consists in the distance it has been brought, is a weariness and a disappointment to the thirsty man. Its sweetness, if it ever had any, has departed from it forever, and the anxious question arises: Will this thirsty, dirty Jerusalem ever again be "the city of

fountains,” as when the famous pools of Solomon were sending to Mount Zion, “the streams which made glad the city of God”? Yes, that time will come. Jerusalem will be restored to its former glory. The civilization of the twentieth century is affecting even Jerusalem in its mighty evolutions. Jerusalem shall again be a “city of fountains,” and its citizens, and all visitors, shall drink of its sweet, beautiful water. Do you ask how this shall be? I do not know; but I am confident that it will surely come to pass.

A gentleman whose friendship I have formed on the *Grosser Kurfürst*, Mr. J. A. Stevenson, of London, Canada, is fertile in ideas and plans which concern the amelioration of social conditions. He is a member of a large manufacturing company, a member of the Methodist Church of Canada, and practices the rule of giving not simply one tenth of his income to the Lord, but one fifth. His wife is a Presbyterian, loyal to

her own Church, and the two denominations conjoined in that family make a most happy combination. Arminianism and Calvinism go hand in hand together, as it has been from the beginning until now, and it seems foreordained that so it ever shall be. Free grace and free will are inseparably joined in theological wedlock and must walk together through time and eternity, even though at times they have disagreed in a spirit more acrimonious than heavenly. It is no reflection on the family of our President Roosevelt that he is a member of the Reformed Church and Mrs. Roosevelt is an Episcopalian. It rather demonstrates the fact that each has opinions and does not care to surrender them. And, after all, is not bigotry a horrid bugaboo—a goblin most unlovely of face and mien? Is not the reader ashamed of himself for having cherished prejudices and uncharitable thoughts toward those differing from him in doctrine or church relations? If I ever enter-

tained them they have disappeared forever; I have seen much on the *Grosser Kurfürst* to teach me that a man is not to be measured by his creed, or by his Church, but by the one crucial question, “Is he a Jesus Christ man?” Has he the spirit of Jesus Christ?

Abraham admitted a stranger to his tent to be entertained for the night, and when the stranger said to Abraham, “I do not acknowledge thy God, nor do I serve him,” Abraham was angry and sent him out to find shelter where he might. Then God appeared to Abraham and said, “Where is the stranger?” And Abraham replied that for love of God he had turned him away because he refused to worship God. And the Almighty said: “Have I not borne with him these eighty years? Couldst thou not bear with him one night? Go and bring him back.” And Abraham recalled him, and gave him the best hospitality his tent afforded.

The dearest friendships I have formed on the *Grosser Kurfürst* are with men whose denominationalism is quite divergent from mine; but greater, far greater than the denominations by which they were named were the men themselves. There was my roommate at the Grand Continental Hotel, Cairo, Egypt, Rev. Robert F. Sample, D.D., LL.D., ex-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. He is also an author of note, having written *Beacon Lights of the Reformation*, *Christ's Valedictory*, etc. He is confirmed in his Presbyterianism, and is serenely confident that the theology of his Church was fashioned, formed, and finished in the decrees of eternity. But I found him an up-to-date, courtly gentleman. He was quite ill during our stay together, but he bore his sufferings with such patience and gentleness that I saw in him the true marks of the Lord Jesus. I feel prompted to insert here one of his recent poetical effu-

sions, which I am sure my readers will appreciate:

WAITING FOR THE MORNING

"Jesus, my Lord, I'll wait for thee
Until the morning.

I'm weary of this world of sin,
Its strife and toil and noisy din,
Its race wherein few ever win:
Yet I would bear the cross for thee
Until the morning.

"Jesus, my Lord, I'll wait for thee
Until the morning.

Some day my sun will seek its rest,
Strange glory lingering in the west
While sparrows hie them to their nest.
And stars shine o'er the wide, wide sea
Until the morning.

"Jesus, my Lord, I'll wait for thee
Until the morning.

I'll meet lost friends when night is o'er,
Where we shall part no more, no more,
And love as once in days of yore—
But sweeter far thy face to see
In heaven's morning.

"'Twill not be long; time hastens by—
Until the morning.

This life's a span, its course soon run;
Its work will all be quickly done;
E'en now we hear the signal gun;
And, night gone by, I'll upward fly
In God's glad morning."

Then there is my Quaker friend, Josiah Morris, of Indiana, of whom I have written at length; Dr. John Malone, of Newberry, N. Y., a devout Catholic, a skillful, courteous, sympathizing physician, a man whose intelligence of mind and goodness of heart would cause him to be selected for a friend out of a thousand men; and lastly I name the gentleman par excellence, Mr. J. A. Stevenson, to whose inspired idea for the improvement of Jerusalem I must devote the balance of this chapter. He is my opposite at table in the dining saloon of the *Grosser Kurfürst*. I soon perceived him to be a servant of the Lord in deed and truth, ever asking the question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Could he be in Jerusalem a fortnight and not devise a plan to give pure water in abundance to that city? This is his proposition: let Christian America in the spirit of Jesus Christ restore to the Pools of Solomon their pristine glory of supplying Mount Zion with living water.

A partial attempt has been made in this direction, some water has been connected with the city from the spring near those fountains, but there is not an abundant supply to make glad the homes of all the people. The springs are there, the reservoirs are there, the opportunity is there to send into Jerusalem millions of gallons of water which shall refresh the entire city as from the rivers of God. This is my friend Stevenson's idea, and it can be made practical if Christian America, including Canada, says it shall be done. — The Sultan's permission could undoubtedly be secured, the money to accomplish the work can be raised when once it is universally understood that it is to be a free gift to Jerusalem in the name and for the glory of Jesus Christ. And this would be missionary work transcending any other, and do more to convert the people of that city and Palestine than any other method which has been proposed. Mr. Stevenson will give a liberal subscrip-

tion, and feels confident that many others in America and England will give large amounts of money to achieve a consummation so "devoutly to be wished."

But more than all else does Jerusalem need Him who said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink" living water; "the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

CHAPTER XVIII

Egypt, Alexandria, Cairo

"OUT of Egypt have I called my son" is the prophet Hosea's reference to the departure of Jesus from Egypt, whither he had been taken by his parents to escape the purpose of Herod to "slay all the children of Bethlehem, and all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under." "But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead which sought the young child's life."

How real and impressive it all seemed to me as I visited the place, near Heliopolis, where Joseph and Mary resided during their stay in Egypt. And what attractions Egypt has in its antiquities. in its monu-

ments erected thousands of years before the birth of our Saviour; in its Nile, rivaling the mighty Amazon and even our Mississippi; but chiefly as the theater of some of the most momentous events recorded in the Bible, both in the Old Testament and the New. Here Moses was born, and most providentially saved from death by the daughter of the same Pharaoh who had "charged all his people, saying, Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river." How noticeable it is that Moses, who was to be Israel's deliverer, and Jesus, the Saviour who was to redeem Israel and the whole world from spiritual bondage, were both appointed to die by the edict of kings. And in all history is anything more interesting than the story of Joseph, who married Asenath, daughter of the Egyptian priest of On; of Jacob and his sons in Egypt and their occupancy of Goshen, "the best of all the land of Egypt;" of the growth of their progeny until they grew too numerous to



be permitted to remain in the land; and of how, under God, Moses led them out, through the Red Sea, with many signs and wonders, into the Land of Promise?

Our Saviour's brief sojourn in Egypt was long enough to make that land forever attractive to all lovers of the Bible and of Him whom the Bible exalts as King of kings and Lord of lords. Well did the angel of the Lord say to Joseph, "They are dead which sought the young child's life." Herod was dead, and Jesus goes back into Israel's land, and afterward, when the people of that land rejected him and then crucified him, they had no power to hold him in the grave; no weapon formed against him could prosper. He that was "crucified, dead, and buried," rose again, exultantly exclaiming: "I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

Yes, "they are dead which sought the

young child's life." Out of Egypt comes this message to all men, for all time; and if for no other reason the friends of Jesus may rejoice that no form of persecution, however cruel or protracted, can destroy their Lord. In the words of the psalm the Lord's people may say: "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against his Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision." "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord: but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

According to the plan of our itinerary we should have landed in Alexandria April 22, to remain in Egypt five days and six hours; but we reached the city a day sooner and took the train for Cairo, as the bubonic



Cairo.—Mosque of Mohammed Ali, or Alabaster Mosque. Arab Woman. Ezbekiyeh Gardens.

plague was raging in Alexandria. While we were disappointed in not being driven about the city founded 332 years before Christ in honor of Alexander the Great; where the Septuagint was made, and where the only monument we saw was the famous Pompey's Pillar—we were not sorry to get away from the pestilence as quickly as possible. An Alexandria daily paper which I purchased stated that of the 426 stricken with it to that date, April 21, 368 had died—a sadly large percentage of fatalities.

We arrived in Cairo on Thursday evening in time for dinner. The distance from Alexandria is one hundred and thirty-three miles. The cars were the best we had seen since we left America, as most of the service elsewhere had seemed quite behind the age. It fell to me to be assigned to the Grand Continental Hotel, one of the largest and best in the city, and by far the best at which I have stopped thus far on our trip. The rooms, the table, and the entire service

were of the best. The rates per day are four dollars in winter, three dollars in summer. The Thezerieh Palace, built at a cost of ten million dollars by the father of the present Khedive of Egypt, is probably the most beautiful hotel in Cairo. The Khedive became bankrupt in building it, and Great Britain, to whom he had mortgaged it, foreclosed, and is now leasing it, for a hotel. I visited it and was charmed with all its appointments, including its beautiful gardens. I thought of the one mentioned in Scripture "who began to build and was not able to finish."

We all visited the pyramid of Gizeh and the Sphinx; old Cairo, and the Nilometer, near which Moses was found in the ark of bulrushes; Heliopolis, with its obelisk five thousand years old, one of the most interesting monuments in the world. It was in Heliopolis—ancient On, that Asenath became the wife of Joseph, the savior of Jacob and his family, and of Egypt as well, during

those seven years of awful famine. As far as my eyes could compass the picture it formed the most beautiful area of country I had ever seen. Eleusis, the Plain of Esdraelon, the vale of Sharon, all were forgotten in the golden charms of "the best part of all the land of Egypt;" the best that can be seen in this world.

Several made the trip up the Nile to Memphis and the pyramids of Sakara, but as this required a donkey ride of several miles I did not go. No more horseback riding for me on this trip. No riding of donkeys, mules, or camels for me! My friend, Judge Martin, of Little Rock, Ark., made the trip to Sakara, mounted his donkey with the utmost confidence, and had not gone far when down went the donkey, throwing the judge head foremost into the sand. He plunged in to such a depth that it was some time before he pulled himself out, and when he did he beheld his donkey lying, apparently dead, with its head under

its body. "Shades of Cæsar!" he cried: "have I killed that poor creature?" when,



Along the Nile.

lo, the donkey's head came from its hiding place and he stood sympathizingly before the judge with a pitiful expression in his eye, as much as to say, "Poor man! Were you hurt? Can I help you any?" The judge remounted the animal and lived to tell me the story of his adventure. Rev.

Mr. Flocken, of New Bedford, Mass., said he rode the donkey fifteen miles, in making the trip, and had no desire to repeat it.

CHAPTER XIX

The Ship of the Desert

EVERY reader knows the meaning of the title of this chapter. I had seen the camel at Algiers, at Ephesus, at Joppa, and at Jerusalem, but not until I reached Cairo did I appreciate the phrase "Ship of the desert." There were the camels in far greater numbers than I had seen them at all the other places put together. Besides those naturally belonging to Cairo they were coming into the city from their march of hundreds of miles over desert sands. Their faces bore an expression of gratification that their long journey was ended and for the time being their backs would be relieved from the heavy burdens. And what loads they carry! Hundreds of pounds' weight of all describable and indescribable articles. As we drove to the pyramids of Gizeh numbers

of them passed us laden with great bundles of newly cut clover fastened upon their backs like saddlebags; others carried crates of stone to be use for building purposes, and still others were carrying possibly thousands of feet of lumber. The thing that amazed me most was that, stout and strong as they are, they were strong enough to endure the strain of such colossal burdens. I was surprised to learn that a good camel could be purchased for from forty to seventy-five dollars. The donkeys are ten dollars each.

But why should I particularize concerning the camel? His life is not harder than the life of a man. How often those seemingly more highly favored than others are bearing burdens almost unendurable. The more successful merchants are slaves to their counters; the banker, whose position is coveted, sits or stands behind defenses almost like a garrison, to protect him from the intrusion and assault of the designing

robber who watches his opportunity to despoil him of his treasures. Was ever life in prison more punitive than that? The only difference is that the banker can leave his place of confinement, but prefers it rather, and the convict cannot escape his enforced servitude. Men in the professions, ministers, doctors, lawyers, and others, win wealth and fame, but often at what a price! Health, domestic happiness, leisure, the quiet hour, sacrificed in the hot chase—for what? Would it not be well for us all to learn the true meaning of “success”? I do not mean by these reflections to discourage industry, enterprise, thrift, push, and the “eternal vigilance” which is the price of liberty. Far from it. I have no patience with the man who has no ambition, no backbone, no strenuous purpose, no lofty aim in life, who, Micawber like, is always “waiting for something to turn up”; but there is a more excellent way than senseless rush, insane hurry, asinine craving for

fame, for great riches. There is such a thing as being one's own judge as to what is right and true and successful. A contented mind is a perpetual feast. Godliness with contentment is great gain. "I have learned," said one of the greatest of men, "in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

One of the most practical illustrations I ever saw of the littleness and vanity of power and fame was in the great museum in Cairo. I looked at the mummies of Rameses II and III, the oppressors of Israel, and in the same museum, not far away, were their embalmed or mummified cats. I said to myself: A cat is of just as much importance as a king when a few years have put in their work. The cat that catches mice is of as much consequence as his owner when only a few more decades have passed away.

I will not leave Egypt without mentioning the sermon I heard the Sunday morning we spent in Cairo. The preacher

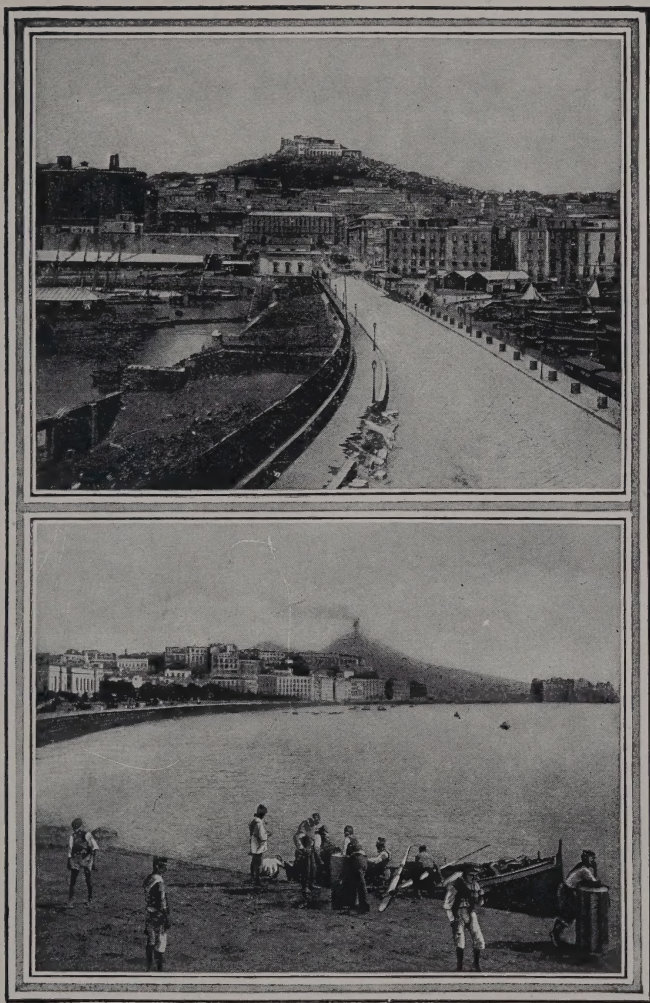
was the Rev. Dr. W. L. Watkinson, of England, who had represented British Methodism at the Sunday School Convention in Jerusalem. We parted company with him and the other British delegates at Cairo. The committee wisely selected him to preach on that Sabbath morning. He is a most able man, reminding one of Ralph Waldo Emerson; the type of thinker one rarely meets.

CHAPTER XX

Naples, Pompeii

Our entrance into the bay and harbor of Naples was an exasperation.

Our good ship came to anchor before noon, April 28. There before our eyes was the beautiful city, and high above it towered Vesuvius, from whose summit streams of smoke issued and vanished in the clouds. On account of our visit to Alexandria where the bubonic plague prevailed, our ship was placed under quarantine and each member of our delegation must be inspected by the health officer of Naples. After luncheon all the passengers were sent to the aft upper deck, crossing the bridge in single file, thus giving the officer a good opportunity to look us in the face. It was a tedious process, and we were glad enough when the announcement was made that we



Naples.—Strada Del Molo and St. Elmo's Castle. The Bay of Naples.

were "all right," and at sundown the quarantine was declared off. But the day was gone, and you can imagine that we experienced the sensations of Tantalus. There was Naples and we were in the ship. I forbear further comparison. Even saints sometimes get provoked. Moses at Meribah, for example!

Friday morning we had early breakfast for a carriage drive through the city. First the Museum—all seem alike to me—then the Aquarium. The Aquarium at the Pan-American seems to have been modeled after this one. I could not tell the difference.

It would be impossible to describe Naples. It is easy to speak of its population of half a million people, its magnificent buildings, its proximity to Vesuvius and the exquisite setting of the city against the bay, but to describe Naples is quite another thing. "See Naples and die" is a trite saying with which we are all familiar. The more one

thinks of it the more we are led to ask what other city remains to be seen possessing equal charm of location, environment, and historiological enchantment? Think of being in the city where Virgil wrote his *Æneid*, and where his villa and tomb are still pointed out; where Cicero lived and wrote, where Dante got his conceptions of his immortal "Inferno;" and beyond all this, where St. Paul stopped on his way to Rome and rested seven days! The place where he landed was called Puteoli, an easy drive from the present landing in Naples.

The Rev. Dr. Lindsay—pastor of the Presbyterian church of Rochester, N. Y.—and I were returning from this landing, thinking of the adverse fortune which attended Paul before his arrival there, and wondering why we should complain because of seeming adversities, when, lo, we had an experience almost immediately which led us to feel that in the world

we, too, should have our share of tribulations.

We stopped at a store to purchase some gloves, and there met Mr. Lawmaster, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, of Danville, Pa., and Mrs. S. W. Lincoln, of New York city. They said: "Come with us; we are going to buy where they manufacture the gloves they sell." Of course we went, and made astonishingly satisfactory bargains. On our way back to the ship, the doctor and I following, I was startled by seeing Mr. Lawmaster giving chase to a young man and crying, "Stop him; he has stolen my watch." An Italian woman meantime handed Dr. Lindsay the watch, which had fallen to the pavement, but Mr. Lawmaster and the thief were going up the street, and a more exciting race I never witnessed. Soon they were out of sight. I followed, to tell Mr. Lawmaster that his watch was safe, and after a long walk I found him surrounded by an excited

crowd. I inquired if he had captured the pickpocket. "No," he said; "I was trying to get the people to help me catch him, but no one understood." "Come," I responded, "we are late now; we have your watch, let us go to the ship," and we started down the street.

When about forty rods from where the robbery occurred several policemen and citizens surrounded us and asked an explanation. He tried to illustrate with the bar and piece of the gold chain which the thief did not carry away. A policeman took it from him, and said as much as "Come with me." As neither of us could understand him I said to Mr. Lawmaster, "Come on; let's not fool over this matter any longer," and I hurried along. After a few minutes I looked around and he was not to be seen. Where they had spirited him, through some side street, we did not know. Dr. Lindsay and Mrs. Lincoln thought that the doctor should go to the ship at once

with the watch, fearing they would hold that, too, as they had the broken chain, and we concluded it would be wise to go to the ship and report to our manager, Mr. Clark. He said he would send proper parties to investigate. After I had dined I went into the aft dining room, and there, to my surprise, was Mr. Lawmaster sitting down to dinner. He told me they took him before two courts of justice, a mile apart, and went through an examination as tedious as it would be possible to imagine. It appeared that this boy had stolen three watches that day and escaped in each instance, and they were bound to make sure of him next time. Then they released Lawmaster and courteously conducted him to the ship.

I would advise all my readers to visit Naples, if within their power, but while looking at the awful sublimity and mystery of Vesuvius, or dazzled with the beauty of the bay, or frequenting its bazaars and

mingling in its crowded thoroughfares, to "beware of pickpockets." A great many of our party, in one way or another, had valuables stolen.

We spent a few hours at Pompeii, twelve miles from Naples, and could not fail to be impressed with its awful destruction in 9 A. D.

Our visit had its humorous side as well as its tragic suggestions. From our train to the entrance to the excavations was quite a distance. Some who undertook to walk were soon glad to call a carriage, whose service could be had for "a franc for two." The exit, however—but we did not know this—was only about fifty yards from the railroad station. The accommodating carriages were there waiting to carry us to the depot for "only a franc for two," and many, remembering that tiresome walk, gladly yielded to the solicitations of the drivers and took seats in the never-more-welcome conveyances. In a half minute

more they reached the end of their ride, and the drivers demanded the franc or half franc, as the case might be. Then the fun began. Most of those so egregiously "taken in" submitted serenely and laughingly; but there were a few notable and amusing exceptions.

CHAPTER XXI

Rome

ACCORDING to accepted traditions Rome was founded two thousand six hundred and fifty-seven years ago: B. C. 753. Time in all its flight has never produced a more interesting city. To write the history of Rome as it should be written would be to write the history of the world, or at least the world's civilization.

When I reached it, half an hour before midnight, April 30, after a railway journey of 162 miles from Naples, it seemed like touching the hub of the world. In my fondest dreams it never occurred to me that I would ever visit Rome; and here I was, with my feet on its pavement and all around me the material evidences that this was indeed Rome. The old legend of the suckling of Romulus and Remus by a she wolf,



Rome.—Ruins of Temple. The Pantheon.

and how Remus was killed and the city came to be named after Romulus, came before my mind, and quick imagination pictured the successive events by which the mysterious, the mythological, the weird, the tragical, the surpassingly strange, had concreted into what we all accepted as history in its highest and most thrilling form.

However much of the history of Rome may be fact or fiction it is such a blending of both that the conviction is forced upon you that in Rome you are at the center of the world's greatest mystery. If the sea be the womb of mystery the city of Rome is the father of mystery; and you can no more explain how and why it is than you can explain the creations of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. If you can tell me how that lamp did those marvelous things ascribed to it, then, and only then, can you tell me how Rome came to be, and still is, the theater of events transcendently beyond

those of any other city on earth. For example, consider but one of its stupendous facts: St. Peter's and the Vatican, for they are one. How do you explain them? From my boyhood I had heard that St. Peter's was the largest church in the world; I also heard of the vastness of the Vatican; but never until one has seen both can he have the faintest conception that what seems "like stuff that dreams are made of," is an appalling reality; and I leave you to explain it if you can. "A religious sentiment," you say, "carried to the highest extreme." Is that an answer? In other cities, say Athens, Constantinople, Alexandria, Jerusalem, religious sentiment has sought to express itself in the highest art, but not one of them has produced a St. Peter's, or a Vatican, with their treasures of art. Do you insist that I shall give my answer to account for the supreme in these creations? There is only one answer: God, Michael Angelo, and Raphael! When you



Rome.—Plaza of St. Peter's. Vatican Palace.

have seen St. Peter's, and then Michael Angelo's "Creation" and "The Last Judgment" in the "Sistine Chapel" and Raphael's "The Transfiguration," you understand that God gave the world these two men to produce, for all time, the most perfect models of art in marble and on canvas that can be wrought by the genius of man. The story of their lives is only another name for God speaking in human history. When the Almighty Creator made the world he said, "Let there be light," and there was light. So when men for the centuries had been groping for the perfection of art in marble and on canvas the same Almighty Creator said, "Let there be Michael Angelo and Raphael;" and when these two men came into the world St. Peter's, "The Creation," "The Last Judgment," and "The Transfiguration" came with them.

Have you heard how Angelo came to paint those masterpieces in the "Sistine Chapel"? The pope had given him the

order to make the design for his tomb. His rivals heard of it, and so influenced the pope that he rescinded the order and gave him instead the order to paint something appropriate for that chapel. He was old, and past the time when he might expect to achieve anything remarkable, but he accepted his task and toiled on the ideal of his life for nearly two years; and the result was an eternal rebuke to his rivals, filling them with chagrin and shame. They had unwittingly given him the supreme opportunity of winning deathless fame. It is always so. No combination, no conspiracy against God and genius can succeed. Then as now, God has those in derision who seek to circumvent his plans.

There is far more in Rome than St. Peter's and the Vatican. On St. Bartholomew Street, a block away from the Tiber and parallel with it, is part of the residence where "Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came

unto him." His living room is still pointed out. It is in the second story, and from the room under it charcoal is sold, and the room next to that is a bakery and confectionery store. In company with Dr. Clark, president of the Methodist College in Rome, who gave an afternoon to me, I visited this most interesting monument. Dr. Clark said that the proofs were unquestionable that this was the very house, with five or six pillars and the rooms I have mentioned remaining in good preservation.

From there we droye to the church of St. Prisca, standing on the site of the house of Aquila and Priscilla where Paul must often have been a welcome guest. In the rear of this old church we saw the excavations John Wanamaker is making to bring this home to the light of day. Several feet below the surface we saw a stairway, a room, and two walls which must have been a part of the house of these helpers whom Paul mentions by name in his epistles to the

Romans and the Corinthians. They, like Paul, were tentmakers.

Our driver, who had been a soldier under Garibaldi, took great pride in pointing out the magnificent equestrian statue of his hero, whose name indeed is revered in Rome as the name of Washington is revered in America. He showed us the place where so many were executed by order of Pope Pius IX before the pope's temporal power was taken away. No longer, thanks to Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel, does the papacy bear temporal rule in Rome or Italy.

The doctor conducted me to St. Paul's Church, outside the old city wall, on the Ostian road, where there seems to be some evidence that Paul was buried. Constantine had the tomb covered with a marble slab whereon was engraved the simple epitaph, "St. Paul—Apostle—Martyr." The marble altar which incloses this tomb is most exquisitely beautiful, built at fabulous cost. I did not get the dimensions of the

church, but it is very large, and its nave, with from thirty to fifty columns, is certainly the most beautiful I have ever seen. In the judgment of Dr. Clark—a man of wide travel and fine scholarship—this church is the finest structure of its kind. He says that the Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople; the Mosque of Damascus; the Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem; and even St. Peter's at Rome, all come short of it in richness of architecture and adornment. Many features of the temple have been secured at a price which would stagger any other power than the papacy.

A short drive from St. Paul's is the place, with a humble shrine, where Paul was executed. We saw the St. Sebastian catacombs, and on our return, to note the contrast, we compared the manner of burial in the catacombs with the methods of depositing the ashes of the dead in the columbaria, where the receptacles, urns or jugs, containing the ashes of those who had been

cremated, had been given their appropriate place and marked for future identification. What a story these catacombs and columbaria could tell were they to reveal their secrets! How many in martyrdom have gone down into silence and darkness! Not until the judgment books unfold will it be revealed what these, imprisoned in these receptacles for the dead above and below ground, suffered for conscience' sake.

We also visited the church built on the spot which tradition avers is the place where Peter, fleeing from Rome, met Christ and said, "Master, whither goest thou?" "I am going to Rome, to be crucified again," was the Master's rebuking answer. "Then," said Peter, "I will go with thee," and he turned, face about, to suffer martyrdom. I write this knowing quite well that we have no valid evidence that St. Peter ever was in Rome; but when tradition runs wild, as it does in Rome, after a few years legend becomes history, and the guides

talk of fables with as much seriousness as if they were the most solemn truths. But there are great monuments enough, and the reader will do well to consult a good encyclopedia and read all that is to be said about the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Forum, the Arches of Hadrian, Constantine, Titus, and others; about the Palatine Hill, the Appian Way, the aqueduct of Claudius, the church of St. John Lateran, the Mamertine prison, the Pincian Hill, Cæsar's palace, and many other points of interest too numerous to be mentioned here, much less described.

I cannot leave this enchanting topic without bespeaking the interest of my readers for our American Methodist College there, with its faculty of twenty teachers, of which Dr. Clark is president. He is admirably fitted for that position, and his work received special recognition and commendation from Hon. Seth Low, ex-president of Columbia College and ex-mayor of New

York, during his visit in February. The entire upper story of the Methodist church, 20 Settembre Street, Rome, is applied to the uses of the college. It is a noble plant and should have a strong endowment fund.

Eight or ten years ago, when an appeal was made to help our church in Rome, I gave my humble offering, little thinking I should live to see Rev. Serafino Bernatto, our Italian pastor there, conducting the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in which I was permitted to participate. I also met Rev. Frederick H. Wright, pastor of our American Church and likewise presiding elder of the Florence District. The post office address of President N. W. Clark, D.D., or either of the pastors named, is 38 Via Firenze, Rome, Italy. Our publishing house in Rome is doing a grand work in sending out books such as are stimulating Christians in America to a better experience and larger philanthropy.

I regret to leave Rome with so much un-

said. It must ever be a city of profound interest to the student, the artist, the religious devotee, the historian, the statesman, and, above all, to one who is interested in humanity. In many ways Rome, on her seven hills, is still mistress of the world. Her art will still be the inspiration of all who love the beautiful in form and color. Her Apollo Belvidere will still be the perfection of all that represents the divine likeness of man to his Creator; her Angelo's Moses the best reproduction of that meekest of men; her Raphael's Hercules the only perfect imitation, in marble, of the mighty physical strength of the god of muscular force, her sweet-faced Venus the matchless expression of woman in her loveliness and purity; and, lastly, all that is beautiful in the worship of Rome will be divorced from all that is absurd, and superstitious, and opposed to reason and good judgment, and there will be a transfigured Rome with the true spirituality and glory of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XXII

The Lands Which Gave Us the Book

IT were well worth while to study the lands which produced the men and women whose names are written in the Bible, and who by their words and deeds gave to the world the Holy Scriptures. They lived and wrought in many lands, and the record of what they said and did we call the Bible. In the present day there is greater interest than ever before in the study of biography, and particularly in connection with the localities and environments which may have influenced important careers. If it be said that seven cities contended strenuously for the honor of having been the birthplace of Homer, it must also be said that those lands which gave us the great characters of the Bible will possess an increasing interest to the student, the histo-

rian, and indeed, to all mankind, with the flight of time. Considering, for example, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Ruth, Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, David, Solomon, Job, Nehemiah, Ezra, Esther, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Joel, Jonah, and Malachi of the Old Testament; the four evangelists—Matthew, Mark, Luke, John—and Peter, Paul, Timothy, and others of the New Testament, curiosity, in each case, demands all possible information about the countries where they were born, where they began those careers which have contributed so greatly to the making of history. Not alone Palestine, but Egypt, and other lands which have a place in the Bible records, possess a fascination to all who love and study the Book of books.

There must be something about these lands to have produced such characters and to have made such history. Did Egypt have anything to do with the making of

Moses, around whom gathered so many wonderful events and from whose teachings there went forth streams of influence which have broadened into mighty rivers—yea, boundless oceans? Do we ask for marvelous signs and wonders? Moses himself and the things he wrought are our answer. Do we seek for the sources of jurisprudence for all men and for all time? They are found in the law of Moses which to this day is the foundation of all just and righteous law. Did Egypt have anything to do with the making of “this man Moses”? The soil, the climate, the court of Pharaoh, the superior educational advantages by which “he was brought up in all the learning of the Egyptians”—all these had their influence in the formation of character and the unfolding of mental and physical qualities which fitted him for the part he was chosen to act in the great drama of history. There was that in the culture, the antiquities, the charm of Egypt which gave him a well-

rounded development into one of the noblest men of all the centuries. Is it any wonder that he should come to such greatness of character that his name has come to be immortalized both in time and in eternity: for is not his name forever associated in the songs of the redeemed, when all the glorified hosts shall sing throughout eternity the song of Moses and the Lamb?

Take David as another illustration of the influence of the land in the formation of character. It was his good fortune to be born in Bethlehem, among the hills and mountains; and his occupation as a shepherd gave him the preparation to be soldier, statesman, king, and poet. Had it not been for this he would not have been chosen king, nor would he ever have written the Twenty-third Psalm. That psalm alone would have immortalized him, but all the psalms are responses to the deep experiences of our natures and voice those experiences through all the phases of our lives. He

sang of the mountains, the seas, the stars, and all the diversifications of nature, and through nature he led us up to nature's God. In all time men will thank God that the "sweet singer of Israel" had his birth and home in Palestine.

I will speak of one more—the equal of either I have named, and in many respects the greatest of the three—the apostle Paul. He, too, like Moses, had the advantage of "much learning," and, like David, he had the instruction and environment of nature. He lived in cities much, but in deserts and mountains too, and his training and surroundings were fitted to make him versatile, and broad, strong, and symmetrical; and when God called him to be the chosen vessel to carry the Gospel to the Gentiles he was called because he had the preparation, above all other men of his time, for the apostleship. "The survival of the fittest" is but another term for "the selection of the fittest." God makes no

mistakes. He makes no misfits. Men make them; God never. His ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts. They are high above us, "as the heavens are higher than the earth." However it came to pass that the lands we visited in the Mediterranean cruise were the theaters for the men and women of the Bible to work out the problems which gave us the Bible, it must be accepted as in the plan of the Almighty that they should be the lands to produce the men and events which made the Book inevitable. Man was fallen, and needed the discipline, the teaching, the trial which, in the fullness of time, were to culminate in the one "unspeakable gift" through which the human race was to be redeemed, advanced to higher and higher conditions, until the better, glorified humanity should be "bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

CHAPTER XXIII

The Book is to Redeem the Land

THE one overshadowing, appalling fact in all the lands visited in our cruise is that they are anti-Bible lands. Palestine and Egypt, like Constantinople, are under Mohammedan control. Rome, Naples—all Italy acknowledges the ecclesiastical sovereignty of the papacy. Madeira, too, is under the same rule. While Athens, Corinth, etc., are under the rule of the Greek Church, it is conceded that they, like the cities and countries I have named, are opposed to the circulation of the Bible. In many places the opposition is bitter and strong. It is therefore truthful to declare that these are anti-Bible lands. Everywhere I went I was constantly asking myself the question, Can this prejudice, this opposition to the Bible, be overcome? It

seems the strangest of reverses of history that Jerusalem, "the city of the great King," should be in the hands of the Moslems. Even the site of Solomon's Temple, whose glory filled the earth, is now the site of the Mosque of Omar, without the least recognition of Jesus Christ. The Bible-loving churches of Jerusalem are pitifully weak compared with the powerful mosques and Roman Catholic churches, as all who have observed know. So it is in Rome, Cairo, Constantinople, and throughout all the lands touched by our cruise. So over and over arises the question, Can these cities and countries be redeemed, Christianized? From all that I have seen, from all that I know, I answer, with all the enthusiasm of my nature, Yes. I was never more optimistic than while I write this chapter.

It is Tuesday, May 10, 1904, four o'clock in the afternoon. I am seated at a table in the writing room of the *Grosser Kur-*

fürst. The sky is like an Italian sky. There is not a cloud to be seen. The great Atlantic Ocean seems like a sea of molten glass; and our good ship glides over its smooth waters like a thing of life and joy. The prow of our vessel is turned toward America, the home of liberty, equality, and enfranchisement; the land where woman is recognized as the equal of man, and respected and loved for her worth and sacred influence in the home and in society; the land where every person may worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and, in the best and widest sense of that word, man is free.

O America, latest born from the womb of nations, why did Columbus discover thee, and Washington impress thee with the loftiest ideals of religion, law, and government, and why did thy Sabbath-honoring sister, Canada, skirting thy northern boundaries, join hands with thee in a deathless purpose to extend the teachings of God's

own word unto the uttermost parts of the earth? And why is this "the purpose that is purposed on the face of the whole earth"? And why has the decree gone forth that "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea"? Christian North America and England are to be God's agents to give the word of God to all lands. Their great Bible Societies, American and British, have only just begun their divinely appointed work of placing a copy of the Holy Scriptures in every family. In the lands we visited these societies are putting forth especial efforts to distribute the Bible. As the pope gave permission for the four gospels and the Acts to be printed in the Italian language, without comment, more than a million copies of this part of the New Testament have been printed and distributed in Italy. The missions in all these lands are active and successful; the schools and colleges doing so much for education, particularly Bible study,

are constantly increasing their clientage, influence, and prestige in Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Beirut, Haifa, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Cairo, Naples, and Rome. The delegates on this cruise of the *Grosser Kurfürst* have given, since we left New York, about five thousand dollars toward these missions and schools, because we have seen with our own eyes the results achieved in these lands; and I predict that every one of the more than eight hundred delegates will, from this time forward, be more active than ever in the cause of Christian missions. Think of what this army of pastors, Sunday school teachers, and business men will be able to accomplish in home and foreign lands! Not only are they able to accomplish much, but they will surely "perform the doing of it."

As illustrative of many cases of what is being done I may say that in one town, visited by the overland party, our delegates saw a class of fifty Arab girls under the

instruction of a young lady from America who is giving her life to the training of children in the knowledge of the New Testament. The children told their visitors that "Jesus Christ was the only one who could forgive sins; that he had been crucified; that he rose from the grave, ascended to heaven, and is coming again to receive to himself those who love him." Such is the teaching of the children and young people of the far East, whether in humble mission schools or the colleges. The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies are actively working and constantly establishing their auxiliaries. The Protestant Churches are steadily gaining favor with the masses, and "the common people" hear them "gladly." The Lord is sending out his word, and great is the company of them who publish it.

Not the least among the factors by which these lands are to be redeemed is the growing indifference of the masses to the strict

rules of their religion. We saw this in Constantinople, in Jerusalem, Naples, Cairo, and Rome. In none of these cities did we see that blind devotion to the fanatical, superstitious requirements of the prevailing faiths that we expected to see. For example, we had been led to look for the Moslem to suspend work when the call for prayer shall be sounded from the minarets. Not once, in Constantinople, Damascus, or in Jerusalem, did I see a man stopping in his toil to worship. This surely indicates that the disciples of Mohammed are slowly but surely losing interest in the observances of their religion. Another factor is the transforming power of steam and electricity. Both are in these lands. The railway, the steamship, the telegraph, and the telephone are there to stay. Commerce is the handmaiden of religion and must be reckoned with in the forces at work changing the old order into the new. "Many are running to and fro, and knowledge is being

increased." Those people, bright, imitative, observing as they are, see those who visit them from America and other Christian lands—the scholars, teachers, Christian ministers, bankers, merchants, physicians, lawyers, and men of affairs; the refined women, neatly dressed, cultured, and the equals of their husbands in social and intellectual life and in all Christian activities—and they must conclude that the Bible-loving lands have a larger freedom, a higher civilization, than the anti-Bible lands, and they are becoming restless under the yoke which has galled and chafed them so long and so bitterly.

These, and the influence of the Universal Postal Union and the Associated Press, are surely producing the inevitable result—the redemption of all these lands.

But better than these things is the irrefragable decree of Almighty God. His will and power will bring it to pass. "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." "It

shall surely come to pass; not one jot or tittle of God's word shall fail until all be fulfilled." "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it." "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. . . . He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy. He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight. And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised. There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth. His name shall endure forever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him: all nations

shall call him blessed. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be his glorious name forever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen."

Do the Christian men and women of the United States and the British Empire read "the signs of the times"? Do they "hear the sound of the going in the tops of the mulberry trees"? Can they not see that the time of the fullness of the Gentiles has come—the long-promised and expected time when the Jews are to be restored to Palestine, when the curse which has rested on them so many centuries is to be removed, and once more they shall be great in the sight of the Gentile world, and all that God has said concerning the restoration of this long afflicted people shall be fulfilled and Zion shall be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of her God? She shall no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall her land

any more be termed Desolate; but she shall be called Hephzibah and Beulah—the delight of the Lord forever! “Let your prayers for this rise like a fountain night and day;” make broad plans for this; give your money for this; form a league of increasing cooperation with all, of whatever name or denomination, who will work and believe for this, and be assured that your labors shall not be in vain in the Lord. The time of the redemption of these lands to Jesus Christ is at hand. The travail of his soul is soon to be satisfied, and we, and all the hosts of the redeemed, shall unite in the coronation shout:

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all.

“Let every kindred, every tribe,

On this terrestrial ball,

To him all majesty ascribe,

And crown him Lord of all.”

CHAPTER XXIV

Homeward Trip

AT Villefranche about two hundred and fifty of our delegates left the *Grosser Kurfürst* to go across Europe, and the remaining passengers returned to New York. As my missionary stateroom mates left me I was not a little anxious to know who would become my companion. Fortunately Mr. J. A. Stevenson, of London, Canada, consented to "chum" with me to the end of the voyage, and I found him all right, not only as a table companion but as a stateroom mate. You never know people until you live with them, and I found that all my opinions of him expressed in a previous chapter were more than justified. He is a born traveler, knows human nature to a dot, and is withal a sturdy Christian.

Another gentleman whom I found very

companionable was the Rev. B. H. Cady, of Warren, R. I. Not much my senior, I found him very congenial, and that, like myself, he had had years of experience in the Methodist itineracy. Years ago, when he had reached the one-thousand-dollar grade in his Conference, it came to pass through one of those accidents which sometimes occur at an Annual Conference—even Methodist bishops and presiding elders are not infallible—that by some unintentional inadvertence he was read off for a charge where the salary was too small for a pastor with a family. His presiding elder said to him after Conference that the mistake should be made right, and wrote to the principal official of this charge that Rev. Mr. Cady had been sent to them by mistake, and they could not expect to keep him. But my friend Cady went to work like a true itinerant Methodist preacher. He “put up” at the home of the official to whom the presiding elder had written. At

the first Sunday morning service just fifty people were in the congregation. Mr. Cady expressed surprise at so small an audience, to which his host replied, "This is much larger than usual." "How large a congregation could you get here provided the people would turn out?" said Mr. C. "More than enough to fill three such churches," answered his host. "Then I'll move my goods this week," said Mr. C. To cut a long story short, he soon had the church packed. A worthy Quaker heard that the salary would be about half what he had received on his former charge and said to the officials, "Pay Mr. Cady what you can, and I'll make the balance up to a thousand dollars." That year he received one thousand dollars and house; the next year twelve hundred dollars and house, and the third year his support, with the parsonage, was fifteen hundred dollars. The membership had more than doubled.

To crown all with a beautiful romance,

his son married the rich Quaker's daughter, and the daughter-in-law paid Mr. Cady's expenses for the Mediterranean cruise.

I found also another congenial friend in Rev. G. W. Banks, of Memphis, Tenn., a popular pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He is a leading spirit in the councils of that denomination—a fine preacher, a most genial gentleman.

I also became greatly interested in the Rev. Milton F. Negus, Baptist, Philadelphia; the Rev. Wallace Nutting, D.D., Congregational, Providence, R. I.; the Rev. Peter Lindsay, D.D., Presbyterian, Rochester, N. Y.; the Rev. David H. King, D.D., Presbyterian, of Vineland, N. J.; the Rev. L. M. Flocken and the Rev. E. F. Studley, Methodist pastors of New Bedford, Mass.; the Rev. F. H. Mullineux, Methodist Protestant, Kent Island, Md.; the Rev. F. N. Lynch, A.M., Methodist Episcopal, Wichita, Kan.; the Rev. William Frizzell, Ph.B., of Toronto, Ontario; the Rev. Dr.

J. W. Millard, of Baltimore, Md.; the Rev. Messrs. Brooks and Parrish, colored, whom I have already mentioned; the Rev. D. C. Ridgeway, D.D., Kearney, Neb.; Rev. Dr. E. E. McKay, Ottawa, Ill., and many others, ministers and laymen, whom I would like to mention.

The last Sunday morning sermon of the cruise was by the Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian church of Los Angeles. That, and the sermon of Dr. Potts on Mars' Hill, and Dr. Watkinson's sermon at Cairo were conceded to be the best three. In point of oratory, Dr. Potts stood first; in point of thought and originality, Dr. Watkinson; in point of heart and spirituality, Dr. Walker. All three would rank as great sermons, well worthy of the preachers and their audiences. Marion Lawrence was easily the standard authority in Sunday school matters. Dr. George F. Bailey, of Philadelphia, was elected president of the World's Fifth Sunday

School Convention Central Executive Committee, to succeed Hon. E. K. Warren—though it will be very difficult for him or any other man to take E. K. Warren's place for broadness and versatility. For such a position Mr. Warren is admirably qualified, harmonizing all the eccentric, heterogeneous elements collected in a body of eight hundred and more people. He has the wisdom and poise necessary, with ready tact. Next to Mr. Warren, Mr. Bailey is the man for the place.

From Villefranche to New York, by our course, was four thousand miles. We did not make a stop in all that distance, sailing from midnight, May 7, until our arrival in New York, 10 A. M., May 19.

I will not speak of the lectures, concerts, entertainments, etc., on the way; but like all similar methods of passing the time at sea, they were, as usual, the best. During our whole cruise of seventy-two days the weather was exceptionally fine. No at

single shake-up. The waves were so quiet they scarcely broke the monotony of calm. Once, when they were about ten feet high, one of our passengers thought the sea was "dreadful," and wouldn't wonder if the ship might go down. He evidently never had "sailed the seas." But we had a little experience after passing the Azores and Flores Islands. The fog settled on the ocean, and for the last two days of the voyage the fog horn sounded nearly every minute. When it began to sound, about nine o'clock Tuesday evening, my room steward said to me, "We dread the fog more than everything else. Tornadoes, hurricanes are nothing. In the dense fog we never know when another ship may strike us or we run into another vessel. I have been in five collisions. In one of them eleven were killed, and I came near perishing in one or two wrecks. You never know by the fog horn of another ship where it is. It may sound far off when the ship is right

on you. We sailors are all afraid of the fog."

You can imagine our feelings, hearing the sound of that fog horn seven seconds of every minute. That night, after it began, about midnight a terrific electric storm, without wind, came on us. The lightning and thunder at times were dreadful. To add to the terror we heard the fog horn of another ship, and then we threw up rockets and fired cannon until the danger was passed. I think all on our ship thought of Paul and his companions near Malta, when they "longed for the day." We all felt that we had been too highly favored in the cruise, that the weather had been too fine, and we needed a little experience of the perils of the sea. But, thank God, the fog lifted at last, and when we went up the harbor toward New York the sun was shining, the band was playing, and we welcomed the customs officers as the "nicest men" we ever saw. They had us all ready to go

ashore on reaching our slip in the Hoboken pier.

When we saw Captain Reimkasten wave his happy valedictory we all gave him a rousing cheer, thanking God for such a captain, such a crew, such a magnificent ship, and such a magnificent cruise of seventy-two days. Most of all did our hearts burn with gratitude to Him who "rules the waves" and who had brought us all in safety to our "desired haven "

The following lines were written by the Rev. David H. King, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian church of Vineland, on the Atlantic Ocean when returning from the cruise to the Holy Land, where he attended the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention. The song was set to music by Professor E. S. Lorenz, of Dayton, O., and sung by a male quartet on board the *Grosser Kurfürst* the evening before arriving in New York harbor.

HOMEWARD BOUND

“Homeward bound! Homeward bound!
The heart with rapture thrills
As we approach our native land,
Our fair Columbian hills.

“Homeward bound! Homeward bound!
Bright hopes fill every breast;
We soon shall join our friends again,
And from our voyage rest.

“Homeward bound! Homeward bound!
The story we'll repeat
Of all we saw in sacred lands,
Trod by the Master's feet.

“Homeward bound! Homeward bound!
We sail the Sea of Time;
We soon shall reach our Home above,
In that celestial clime.

“‘Home at last! Home at last!’
Will be our joyful song
When we shall meet our blessed Christ
And all that heavenly throng.”

CHAPTER XXV

The Conclusion of the Whole Matter

IN writing *The Book and the Land* I have had two prominent motives: to contribute facts and ideas which would increase interest in and love for the Book of books, and to inspire in the minds of my readers a strong desire to visit the Orient. Thousands who might visit the Holy Land fail to do so because they do not understand that it is quite practicable to go if they will. The distance to be traveled and the expense of the trip loom large and seem insurmountable obstacles. But in this age there is nothing impossible to any man or woman who desires and purposes its accomplishment. "All things are possible to him that believeth." You will generally find, like Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, that the threatening lions in your path are

chained and harmless. Let me say to you, my friendly reader, that you can scarcely afford to miss a trip to the lands I visited. It is your duty to inform yourself; to broaden your horizon, your scope of vision. To know what you ought to know, to be what you ought to be, you must travel; you must know the world; you must not be a stay-at-home; you must not be all the time looking on your own things. Look on the things of others. Shakespeare says, "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," and never did he say a truer thing. Wise parents include travel in the education of their sons and daughters, and the children should make plans to see all that they can see in this wonderful world. Let them save their money with this object in view. One of our fellow-travelers on the *Grosser Kurfürst* had been planning for years to take the trip he was then enjoying. He joined our party at Constantinople after most interesting journeyings through India and

Egypt, etc., and went with us to Jerusalem, intending to cross Europe before returning to his home in St. Louis. All his plans for extensive sight-seeing were made with the one motive of broadening his mental powers for greater usefulness in his home, church, and city. His young son, who accompanied him, had his father's love of travel and was being taught by precept and example to take intelligent note of everything of interest.

Determine to see and know the world. The only way to know the world is to see it, and the present facilities for travel offer every opportunity of reaching even "earth's remotest bound." What are you toiling for? Why are you saving money? To buy another farm? to add to your mortgage or bank account? Of what avail will it all be if you only come to have a plethoric exchequer and a lean intellect? Isn't your mind your best capital? Isn't it worth your while to drop the mad pursuit of

wealth or pleasure and fit yourself, by travel and observation, to better act your part in life's drama—so soon to be ended? My friend, I beg you to think that those great men, those mighty characters who gave us the Book and immortalized the lands of the Book, reached their power by travel, by observing and studying men and institutions in different cities and countries of the then known world, and thus increasing their stock of knowledge, and brightened by friction, contributed to the welfare of mankind.

Well does Tennyson say:

“We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move:
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;
The dark Earth follows, wheeled in her ellipse:
And human things returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

“Ah tho' the times when some new thought can bud
Are but as poet's seasons when they flower,
Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden year

“When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man
Through all the season of the golden year.”

THE END.

DATE DUE

~~AUG 31 '78~~

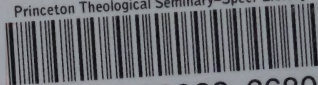
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